

Treasure Chest

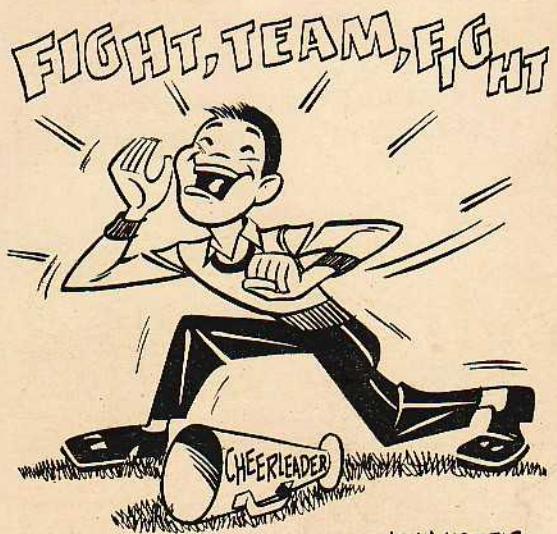
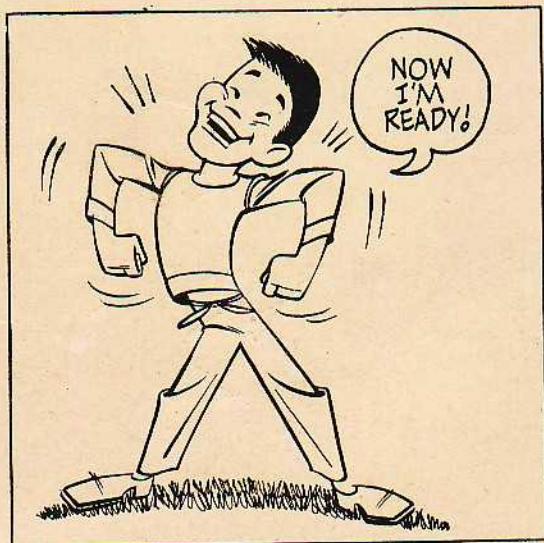
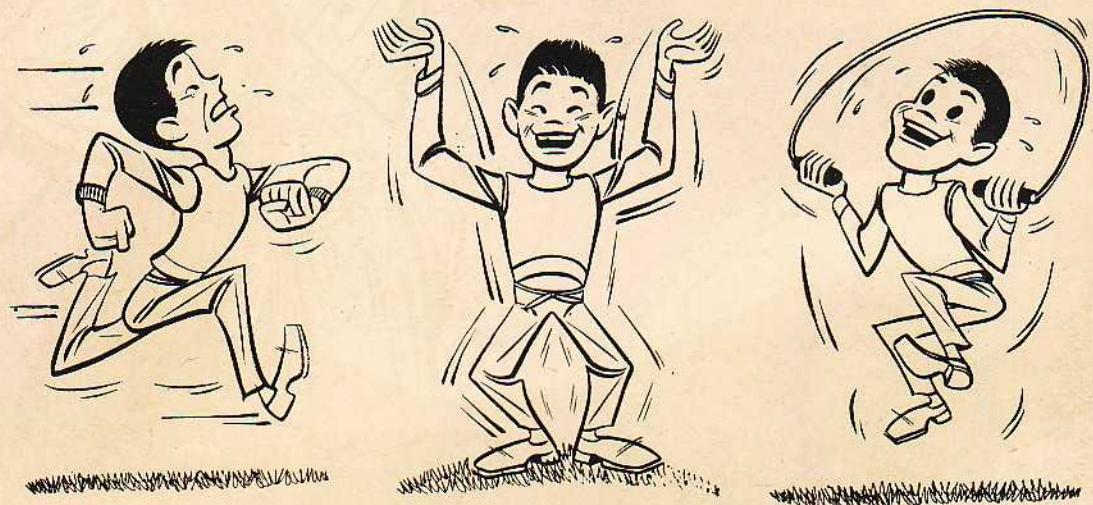
Vol. 10 No. 15
March 24, 1955

OF FUN & F



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





JOHN NORRIS

TREASURE CHEST of FUN and FACT, Vol. 10, No. 15. Published every two weeks during the school year by Geo. A. Pflaum, Publisher, Inc., 38 West Fifth Street, Dayton 2, Ohio. Entered as second-class matter, March 7, 1946, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at St. Louis, Missouri. Single subscription \$2.00 per year, \$2.40 in Canada, \$3.00 in foreign countries. Subscription rates on quantity orders supplied on request. Printed in U.S.A. Joseph G. Schaller, editor; George H. Weldon, associate editor; Victor Keuping, art director; Carl Beacham, copy editor. Copyright, 1955, by Geo. A. Pflaum, Publisher, Inc. Also publisher of the YOUNG CATHOLIC MESSENGER, JUNIOR CATHOLIC MESSENGER, and OUR LITTLE MESSENGER, James J. Pflaum, editor in chief.

Chuck White
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BY CAPT. FRANK MOSS

AS JOE IS ABOUT TO SKI FOR
HELP, A TERRIBLE BLAST OF WIND
STRIKES THE STRANDED SNO-CAT...

JOE, IT'S NO USE - YOU'LL
HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL THE
WIND MODERATES... YOU'D
NEVER LAST A MILE IN
THIS WEATHER!

ILLUS. BY
Paul Kerasi

MEANWHILE, ON THE VALLEY ROAD...

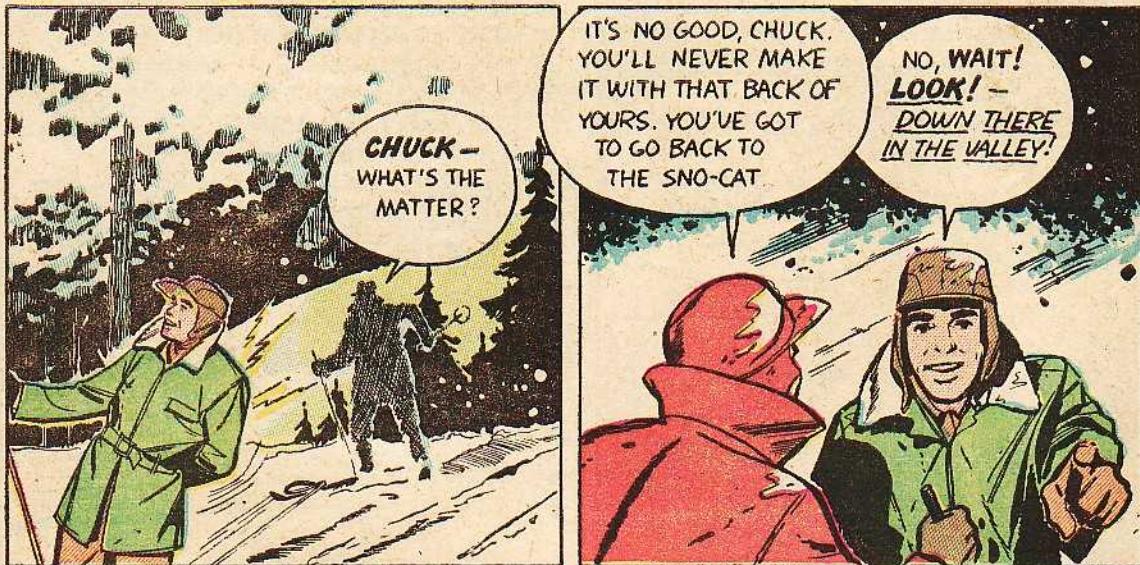
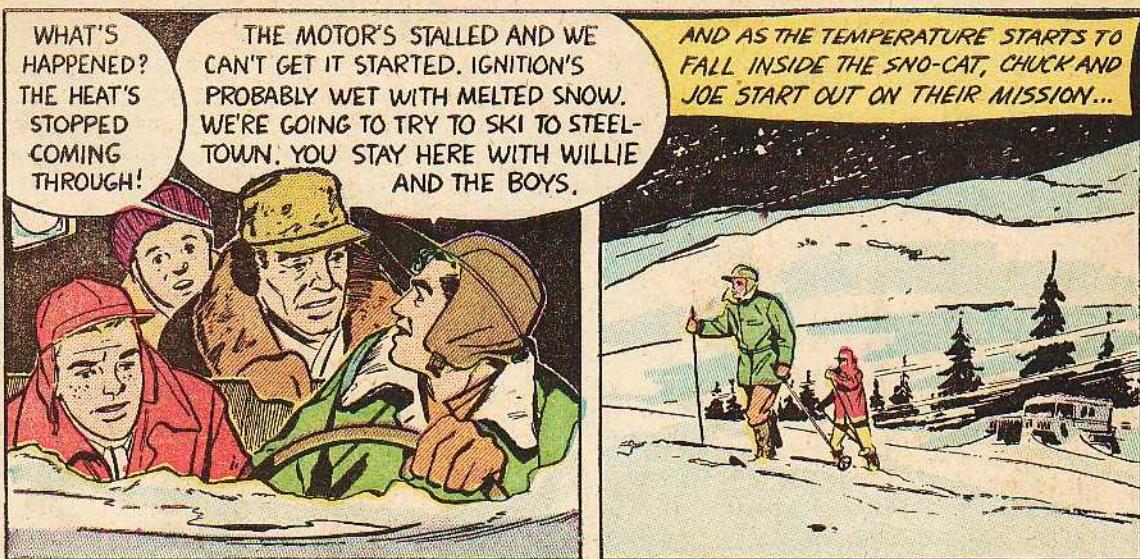
DID YOU EVER SEE
SUCH A WIND! THAT'S
THE COLD FRONT
PUSHING DOWN
FROM CANADA!

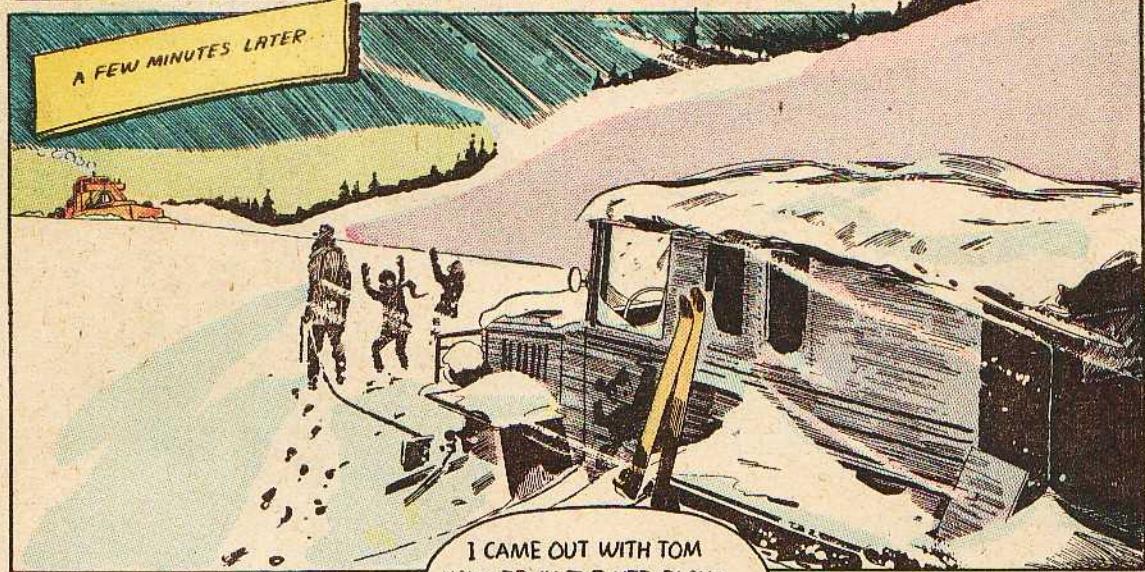
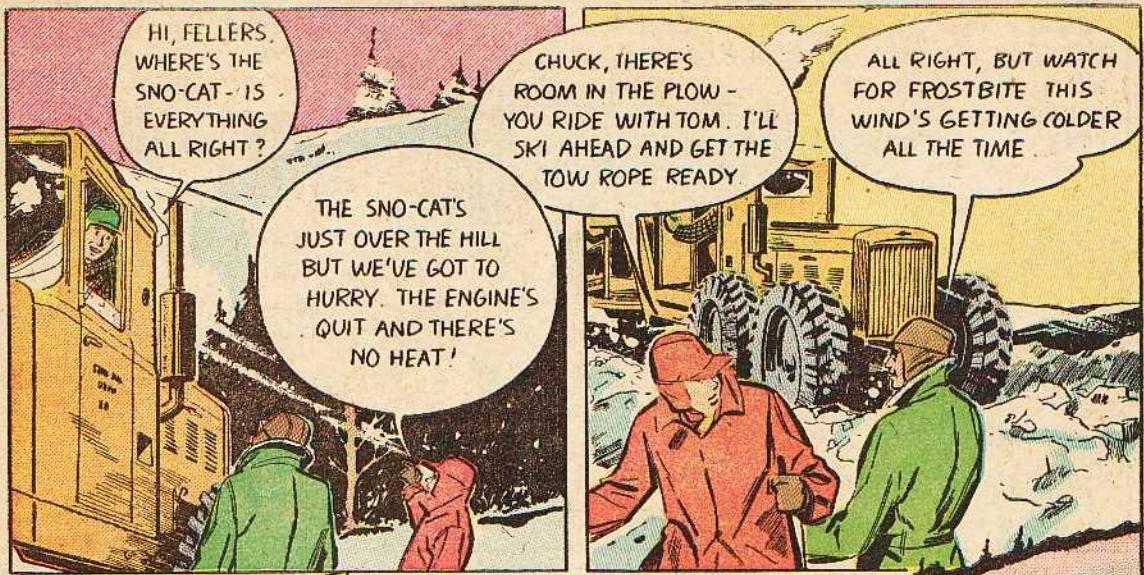
I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE SNO-CAT. WE KNOW
THEY LEFT THE LODGE WITH WILLIE ON
BOARD, BUT WE HAVEN'T FOUND THEM
YET. THEY WON'T LAST LONG IN THIS
WIND AND COLD UNLESS THEY'VE GOT
FUEL AND POWER!

THE MOTOR'S STOPPED!
NOW WE'VE LOST OUR
HEAT - WILLIE WILL
FREEZE BACK
THERE...

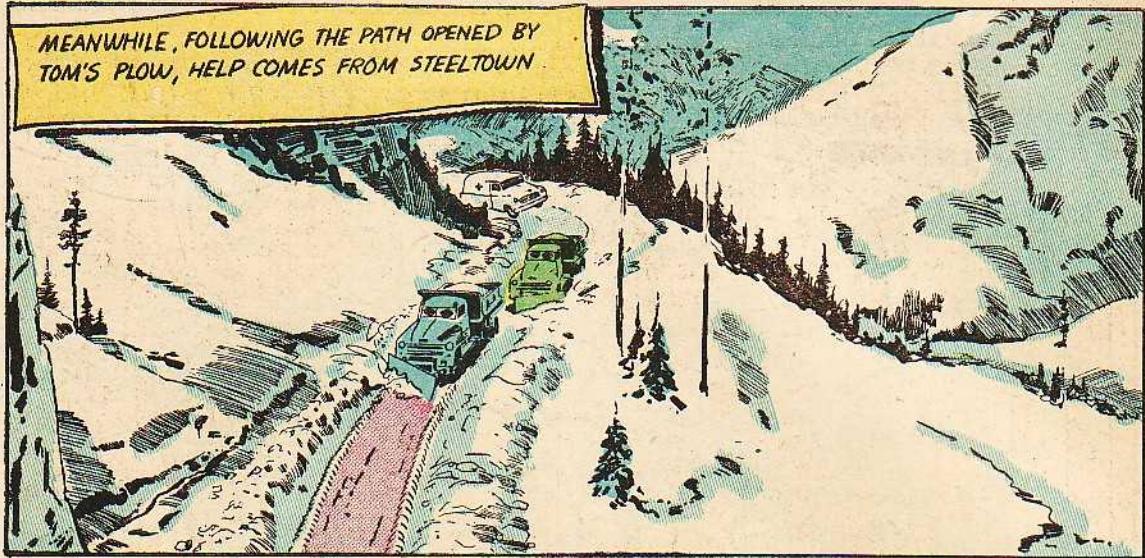
I'VE GOT TO
GO. I'VE GOT TO
TRY TO GET
THROUGH...

THEN WE'LL GO
TOGETHER. ONE OF
US HAS GOT TO GET
TO STEELTOWN!

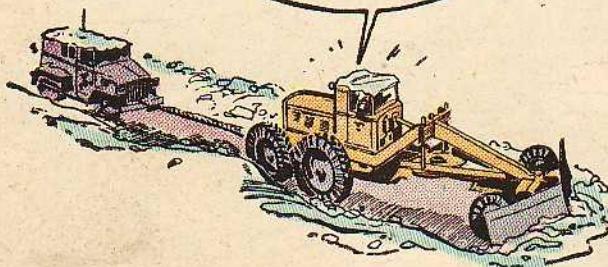




MEANWHILE, FOLLOWING THE PATH OPENED BY
TOM'S PLOW, HELP COMES FROM STEELTOWN.



LOOK!
DOWN THE ROAD -
TWO PLOWS AND
AN AMBULANCE!!



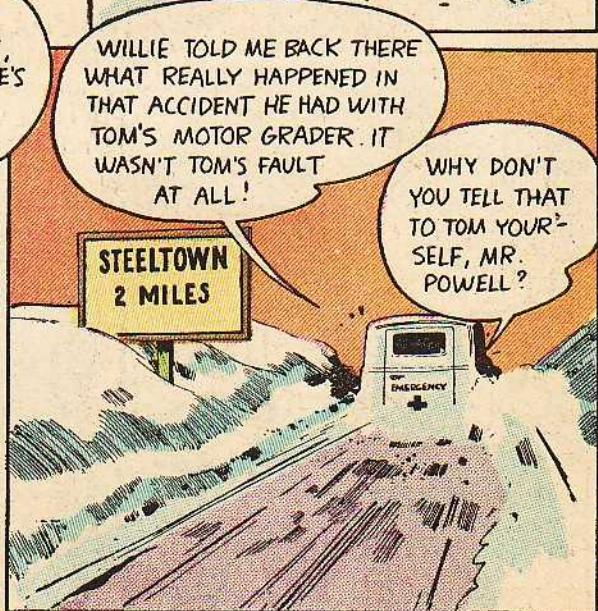
WILLIE IS PLACED IN THE AMBULANCE...

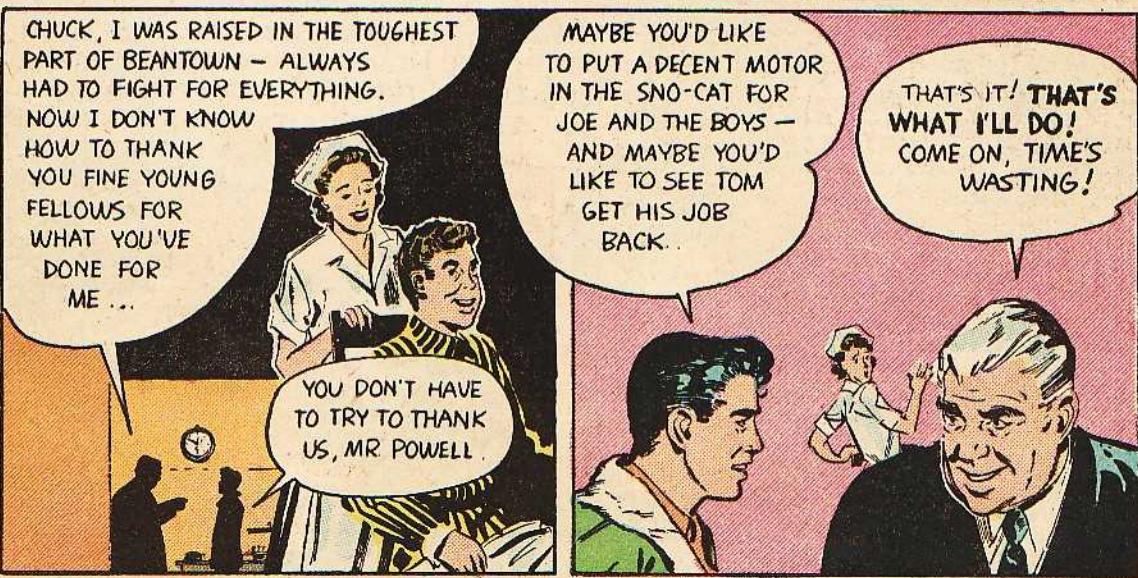
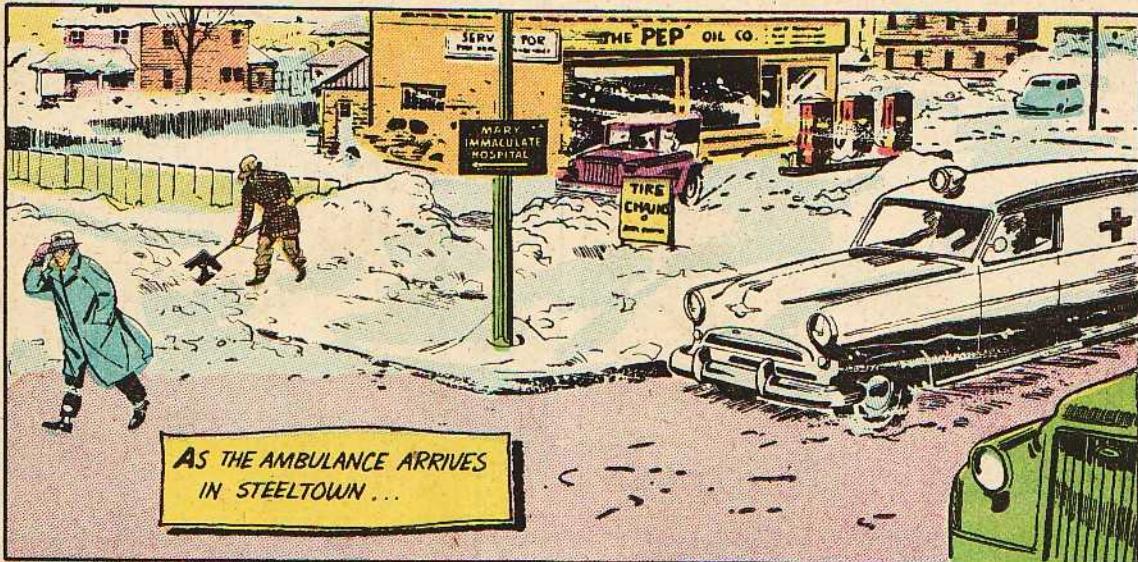


YOU COME IN
THE AMBULANCE,
TOO, CHUCK. THERE'S
SOMETHING I'VE
GOT TO TELL
YOU...

WILLIE TOLD ME BACK THERE
WHAT REALLY HAPPENED IN
THAT ACCIDENT HE HAD WITH
TOM'S MOTOR GRADER. IT
WASN'T TOM'S FAULT
AT ALL!

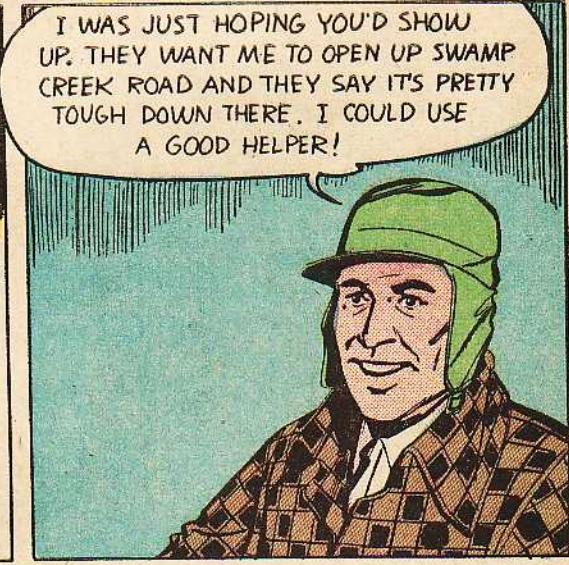
WHY DON'T
YOU TELL THAT
TO TOM YOUR-
SELF, MR.
POWELL?



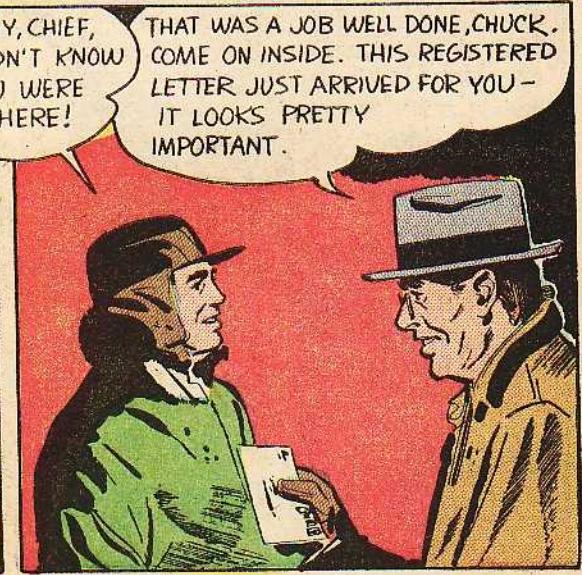




A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

TOM -
OH TOM!

OFFICE

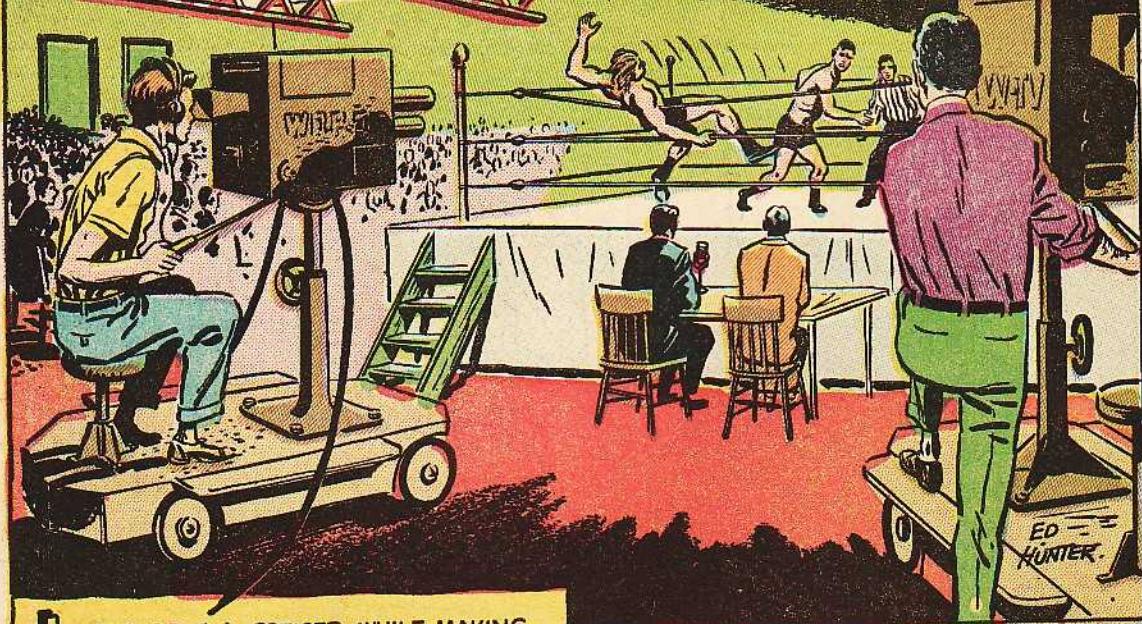
WHY, CHIEF,
I DIDN'T KNOW
YOU WERE
HERE!THAT WAS A JOB WELL DONE, CHUCK.
COME ON INSIDE. THIS REGISTERED
LETTER JUST ARRIVED FOR YOU -
IT LOOKS PRETTY
IMPORTANT.



History of Sports**Professional WRESTLING**

by GEORGE W. MIGHT

WITH THE ADVENT OF TELEVISION, MANY PEOPLE ARE BEING INTRODUCED TO WRESTLING FOR THE FIRST TIME. SO MUCH RECENT PUBLICITY HAS BEEN GIVEN TO IT, SOME ARE APT TO GET THE IMPRESSION THAT IT IS A RELATIVELY NEW SPORT... THIS IS NOT SO. THERE ARE RECORDS OF HOLDS AND FALLS SINCE MEN FIRST GATHERED FOR SPORT.



IN 1938, DR. S. A. SPEISER, WHILE MAKING EXCAVATIONS IN MESOPOTAMIA (NOW CALLED IRAQ), FOUND SOME INTERESTING SPORTS RECORDS IN THE RUINS OF A TEMPLE...

YOU SEE! HERE'S MORE EVIDENCE THAT THE PEOPLE HAD WRESTLING MATCHES.

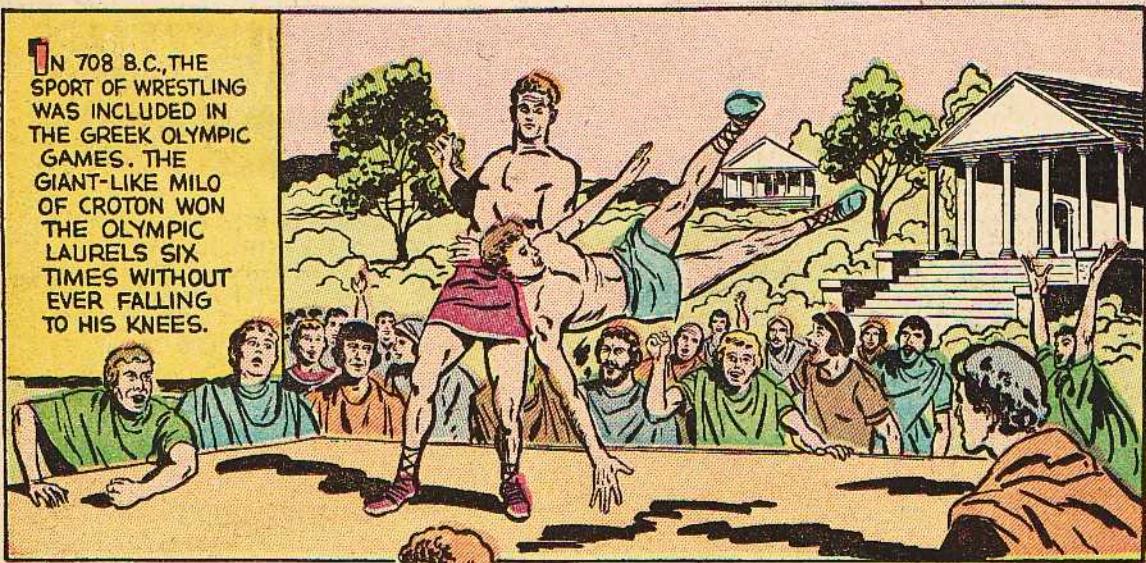
AND THIS TEMPLE IS OVER 5,000 YEARS OLD!

...AND IN EGYPT, SCIENTISTS HAVE TRANSLATED MANY ANCIENT WALL PAINTINGS DEPICTING WRESTLING MATCHES.

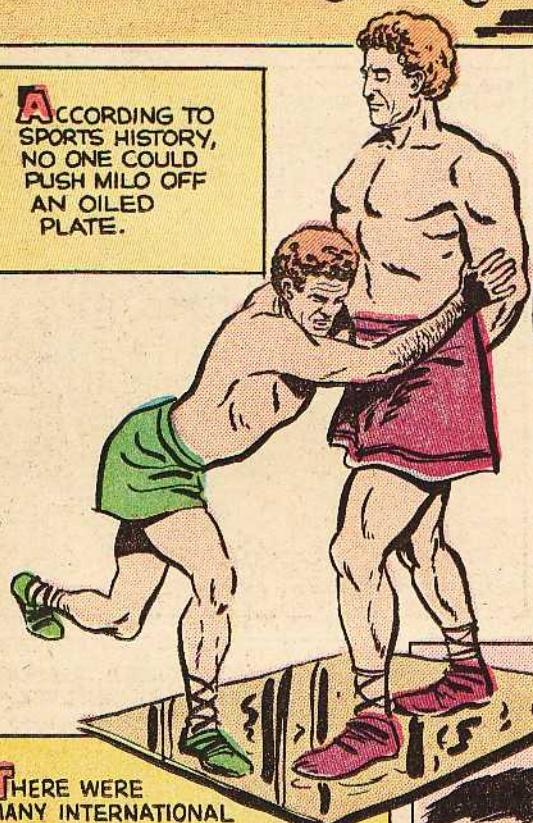


YOU KNOW THESE WALL PAINTINGS PROVE THAT THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS KNEW EVERY WRESTLING HOLD WE KNOW TODAY... AND A FEW THAT WE HAVEN'T TRIED YET.

IN 708 B.C., THE SPORT OF WRESTLING WAS INCLUDED IN THE GREEK OLYMPIC GAMES. THE GIANT-LIKE MILO OF CROTON WON THE OLYMPIC LAURELS SIX TIMES WITHOUT EVER FALLING TO HIS KNEES.



ACCORDING TO SPORTS HISTORY, NO ONE COULD PUSH MILO OFF AN OILED PLATE.



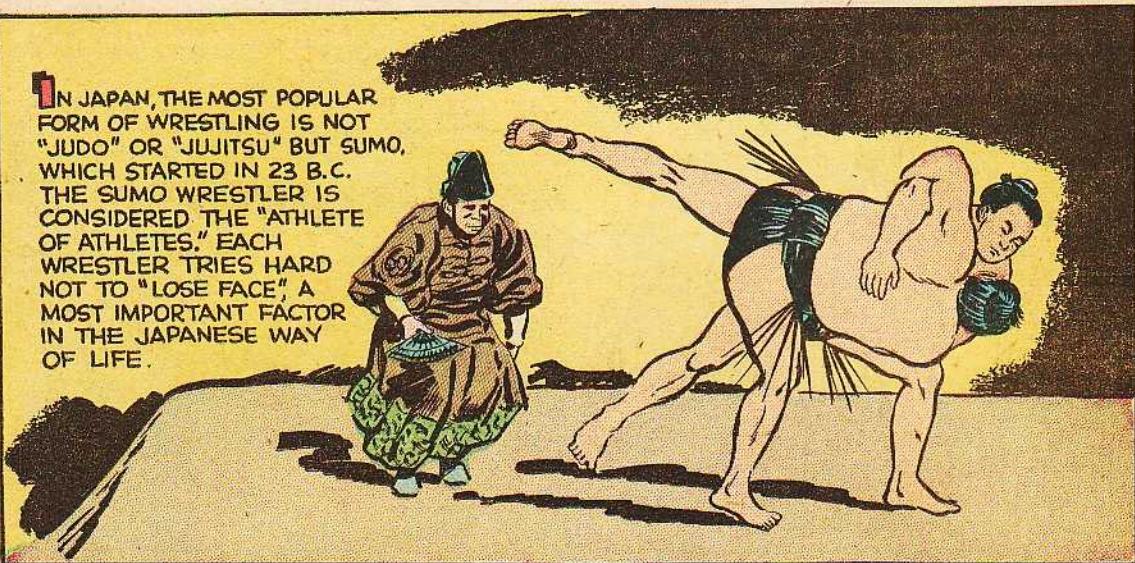
BUT EVEN IN THOSE DAYS WRESTLERS PROVIDED LAUGHS. ONE DAY, WHILE WALKING TO THE JUDGE'S STAND, THE MAN WITH THE FIRMEST STAND SLIPPED.



THREE WERE MANY INTERNATIONAL WRESTLING TOURNAMENTS IN EUROPE. ONCE, IN A TOURNAMENT BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND, FRANCE'S KING FRANCIS I BECAME ENRAGED BECAUSE HIS WRESTLERS WERE LOSING BADLY TO THOSE OF ENGLAND. ANGRILY HE LEAPED TO HIS FEET AND STARTED TO WRESTLE ENGLAND'S KING HENRY VIII... THE WORLD'S FIRST "BATTLE ROVAL."



IN JAPAN, THE MOST POPULAR FORM OF WRESTLING IS NOT "JUDO" OR "JIJITSU" BUT SUMO, WHICH STARTED IN 23 B.C. THE SUMO WRESTLER IS CONSIDERED THE "ATHLETE OF ATHLETES." EACH WRESTLER TRIES HARD NOT TO "LOSE FACE", A MOST IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE JAPANESE WAY OF LIFE.



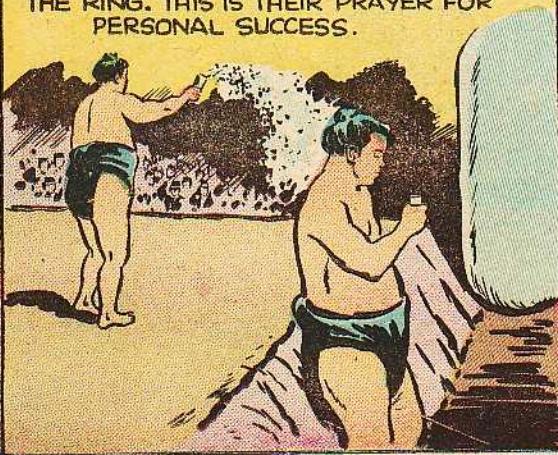
THE IDEA IS TO PUSH AN OPPONENT OUT OF THE RING OR THROW HIM TO THE RING FLOOR. SUMO WRESTLERS OFTEN WEIGH 300 POUNDS.



WHEN ONE SUMO WRESTLER IS READY TO STRIKE OR START THE BOUT, HE STANDS UP AND SHOUTS. IF THE OTHER WRESTLER ISN'T READY, HE YELLS THE JAPANESE WORD FOR "NOT YET."



THEN THE WRESTLERS STEP OUTSIDE THE RING, RINSE THEIR MOUTHS WITH WATER, AND THROW A SPRINKLE OF SALT ACROSS THE RING. THIS IS THEIR PRAYER FOR PERSONAL SUCCESS.



SINCE SUMO WRESTLERS ARE AS POPULAR AS OUR CHAMPION PRIZE FIGHTERS, MANY JAPANESE BOYS PRACTICE SUMO FROM CHILDHOOD.



WRESTLING BECAME A POPULAR SPORT IN AMERICA IN COLONIAL DAYS. MANY OF OUR NATIONAL HEROES WERE SPLENDID WRESTLERS IN THEIR YOUTH.

BRAVO, GEORGE!

YOUNG
WASHINGTON
HAS WON
AGAIN!



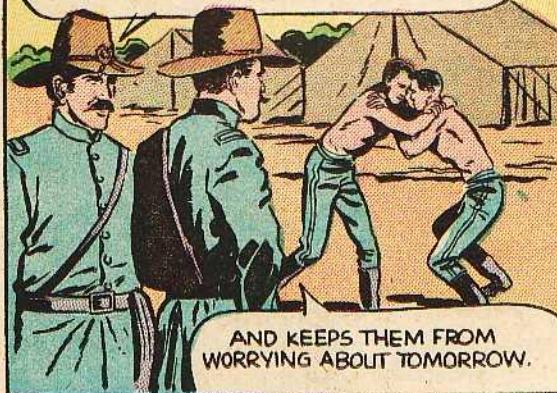
AS AMERICA EXPANDED WESTWARD, ONE OF THE BEST WRESTLERS OF PIONEER DAYS WAS A TALL, LANKY LAD.

LOOK, MOTHER! THAT'S ABE LINCOLN, THE STOREKEEPER.

HUMPH! HE'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE IF HE KEEPS THAT UP.

DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, BOTH UNION AND CONFEDERATE FORCES FOUND WRESTLING A PRIME DIVERSION.

A SPLENDID SPORT, MAJOR... IT KEEPS THEIR BODIES IN SHAPE.



AND KEEPS THEM FROM WORRYING ABOUT TOMORROW.

AFTER THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, AMERICA BEGAN TO PRODUCE ITS GREAT WRESTLING CHAMPIONS. THE FIRST WAS WILLIAM MULDOON, WHO LATER TURNED HIS TALENTS TO BOXING AND BECAME A GREAT TRAINER AND BOXER.

THERE'S WILLIAM MULDOON, JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S TRAINER.

THEY SAY WHENEVER SULLIVAN WANTS TO GET INTO SHAPE FOR A FIGHT, HE GOES STRAIGHT TO MULDOON FOR HELP.

MULDOON WAS FOLLOWED BY TOM JENKINS, WHO CLAIMED THE WORLD'S WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1905. HE WAS BEATEN BY GEORGE HACKENSCHMIDT, THE RUSSIAN LION. OTHER GREAT EARLY WRESTLING CHAMPIONS WERE STANISLAUS ZBYSCKO AND GAMA, THE CHAMPION FROM INDIA.

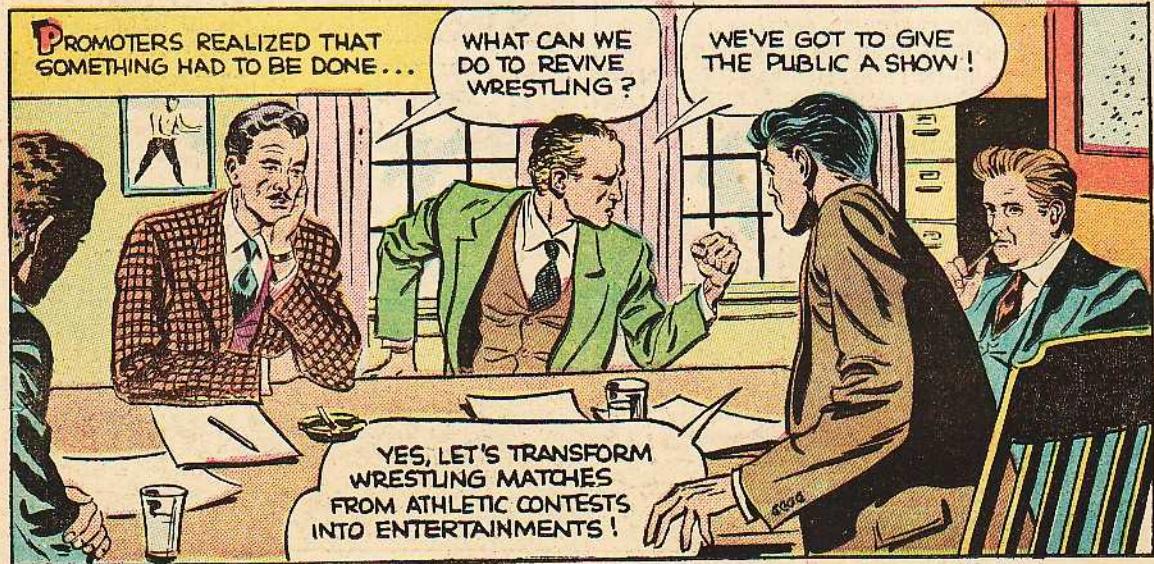
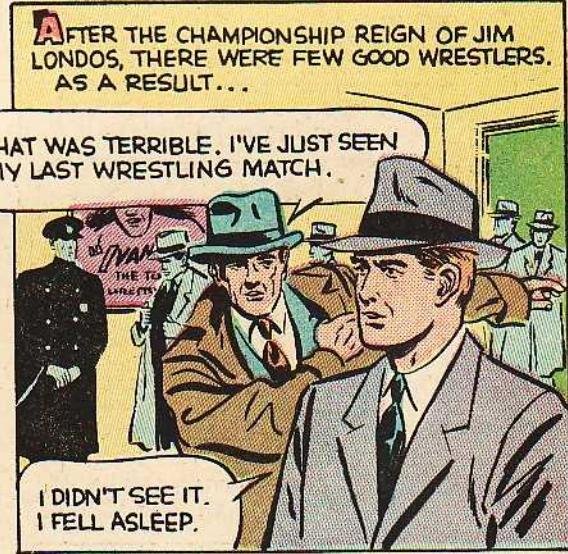
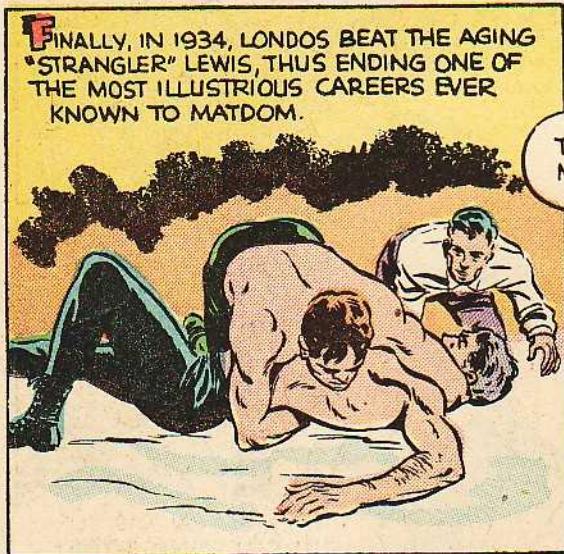
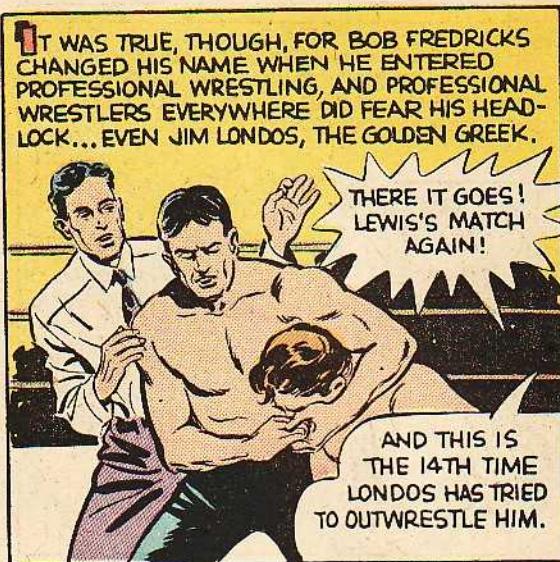
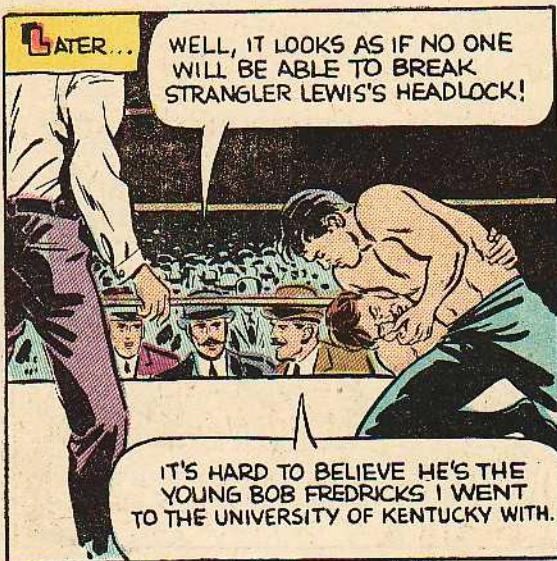


HACKENSCHMIDT

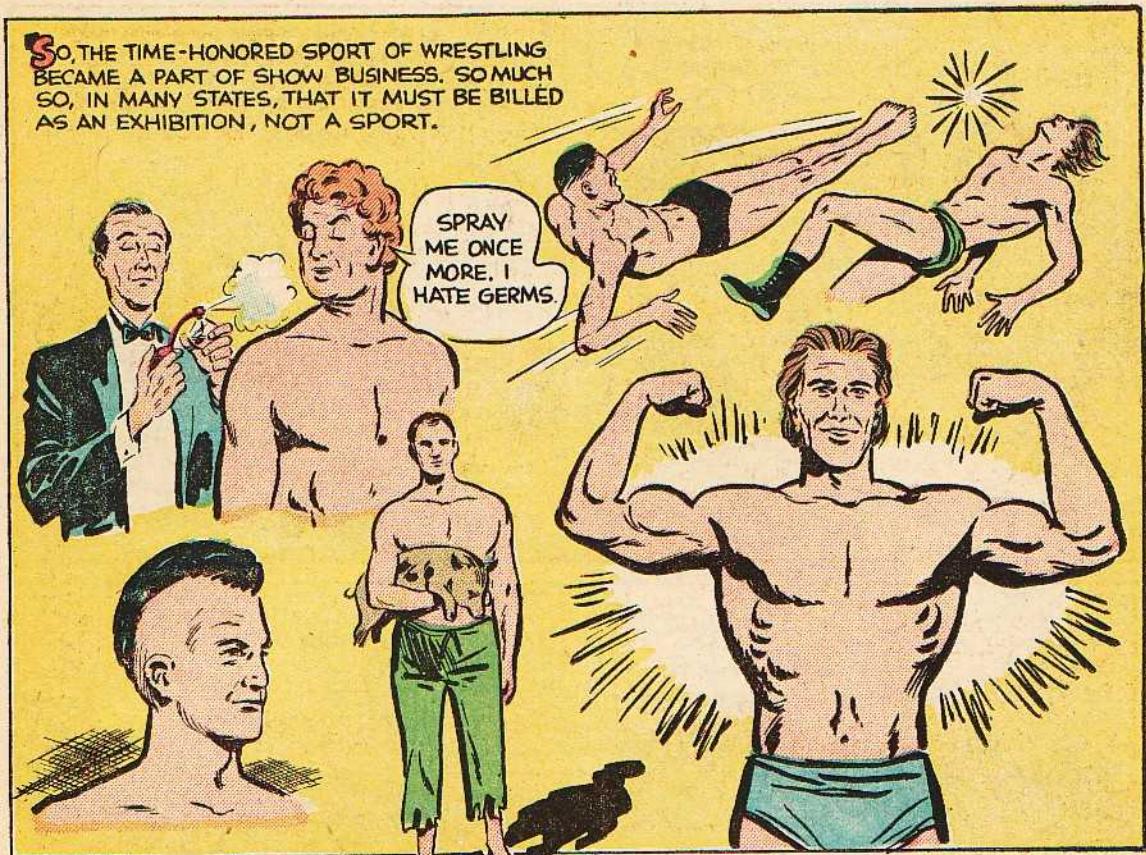
JENKINS

GOTCH

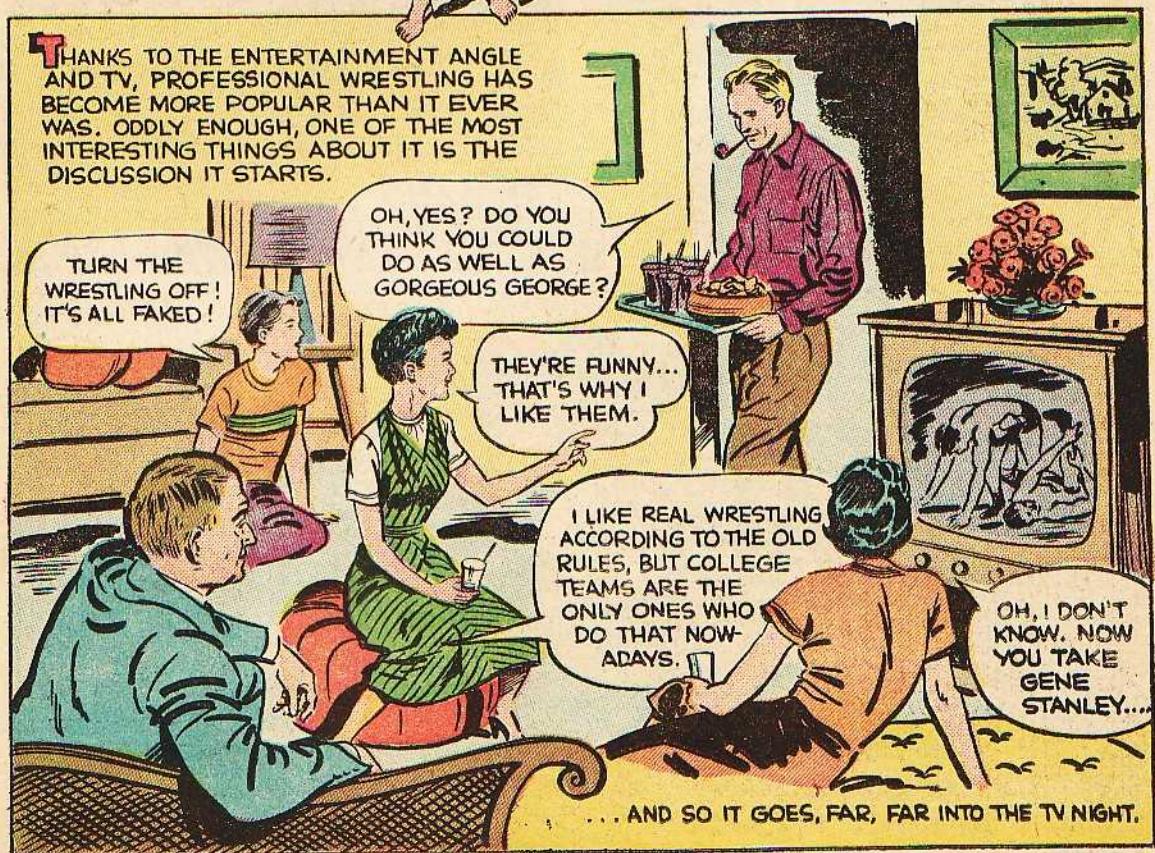
GAMA

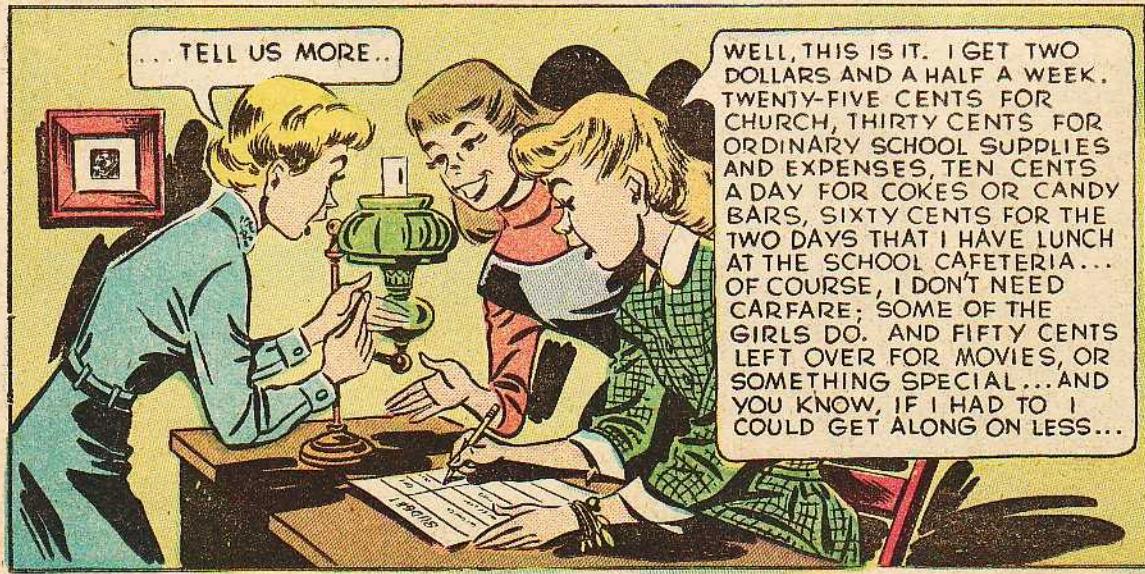
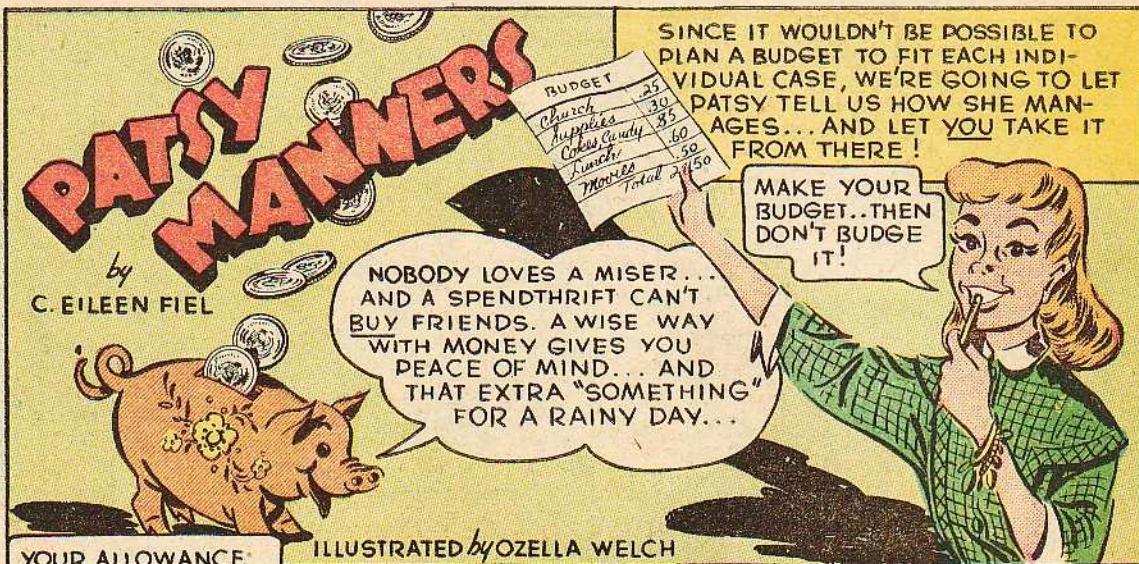


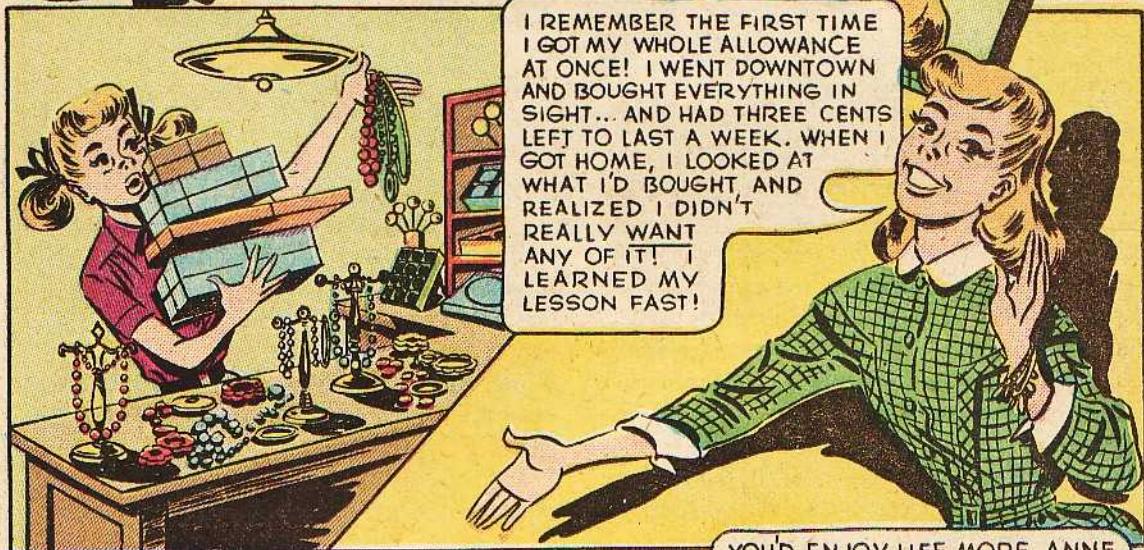
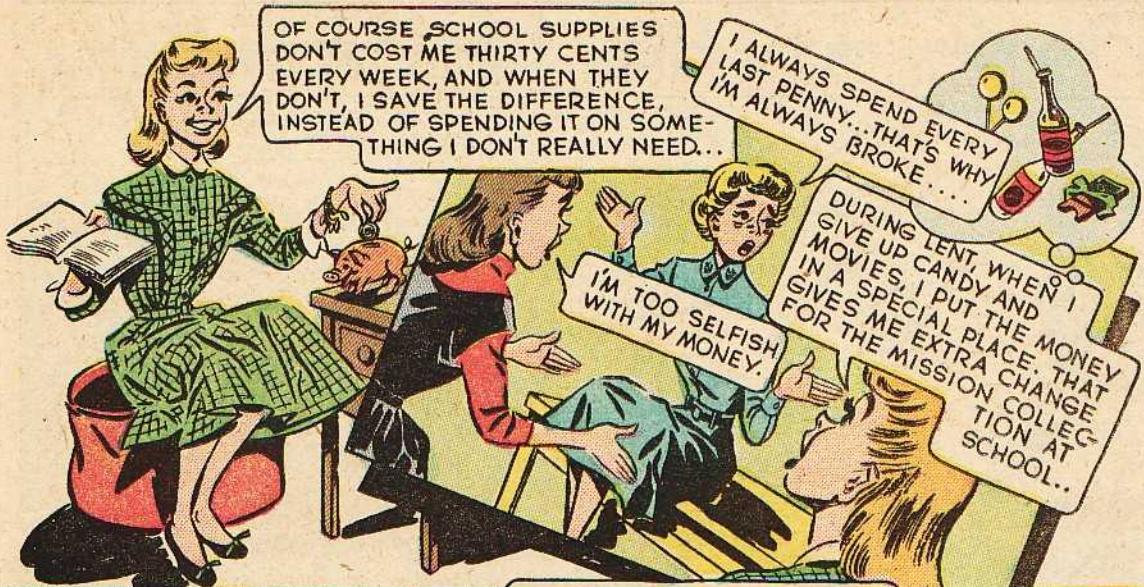
SO, THE TIME-HONORED SPORT OF WRESTLING BECAME A PART OF SHOW BUSINESS. SO MUCH SO, IN MANY STATES, THAT IT MUST BE BILLED AS AN EXHIBITION, NOT A SPORT.



THANKS TO THE ENTERTAINMENT ANGLE AND TV, PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING HAS BECOME MORE POPULAR THAN IT EVER WAS. ODDLY ENOUGH, ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT IT IS THE DISCUSSION IT STARTS.

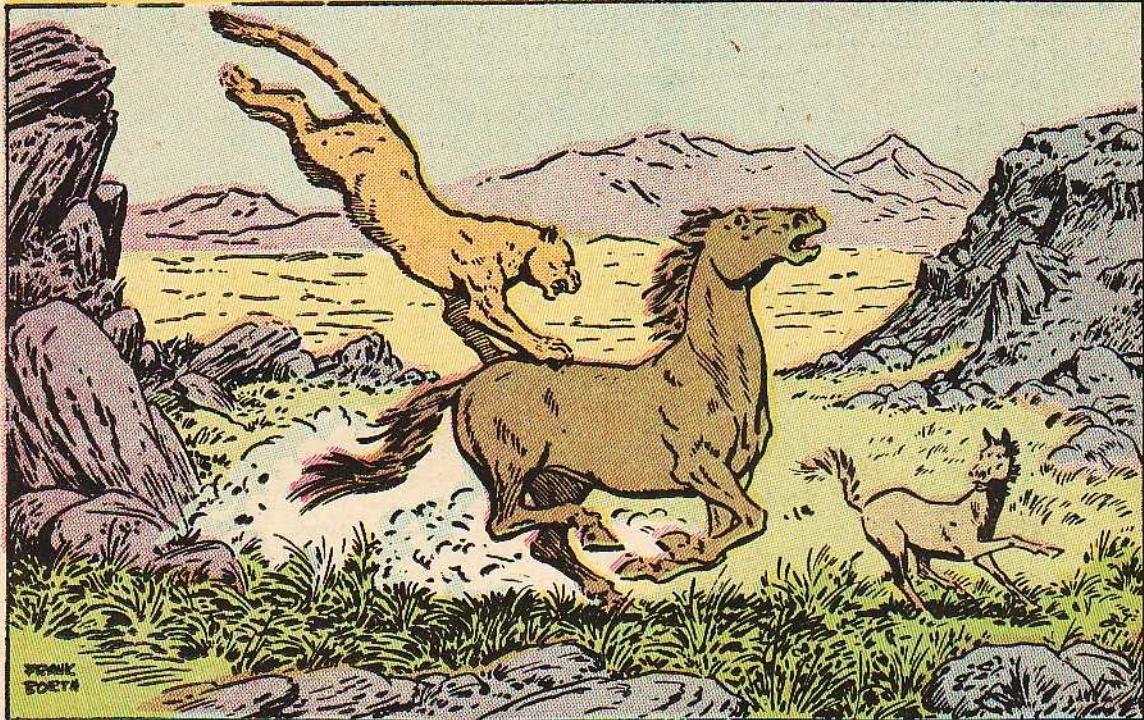






Phantom of the High Ledges

by
FERRIS WEDDLE



The high mountain meadow was small, hemmed in by the sharp ledges of the canyon walls. The sleek mare cropped the high grass while she kept watchful eyes on the cream-colored colt which played in the sunlight. But the mare and her colt were not alone.

Stretched out on a ledge was the long, tawny form of a cougar, or mountain lion. Its tail switched back and forth, and its yellowish eyes never left the mare and colt.

Slowly, inch by inch, hidden from the horse by some bunches of grass, the cougar crept forward. He was about ten feet above the meadow floor and some twenty feet from the mare. It was the colt, however, that the lion really wanted. But the mare had to be killed first.

A breeze suddenly disturbed the meadow, bringing with it the dread scent of the lion. The mare jerked her head up and called her colt with an alarmed neigh. The colt, fearful because the mare was afraid, dashed to its mother. The mare was glancing wildly about, trying to locate the source of danger. She prepared to run, whirling near the ledge.

The cougar waited no longer. His long body flew through the air, straight for the neck of the mare. The horse twisted about, screaming a warning to her colt. She kicked desperately as the lion

landed on her rump, clawing. Then she whirled, snorting with fear, managing to shake the cat loose. She pawed at the crouched form, baring her teeth.

The colt, thoroughly terrified, ran around and around the struggling pair, squealing and snorting.

Snarling, the cougar sprang at the mare's shoulder, trying to reach her throat. His claws raked great wounds in her shoulder and breast, but once again she managed to knock the big cat off with her forefeet. She followed up, continuing to paw and kick.

Crippled, the lion dragged himself back against the canyon wall. He did not try to follow the mare as she whistled shrilly and ran down the meadow, the colt at her side. The cougar had lost the battle.

This mare and her colt were lucky, for usually the powerful cougar does not fail to kill his prey. Full-grown horses, cattle, and the largest of big game have fallen under the lion's powerful, savage leaps.

The cougar, also known as mountain lion, puma, panther, painter, and other names, is the largest predatory animal in North America besides the jaguar. Once it existed over almost all the United States, but today it is found only in Florida and

in the states west of the Mississippi river. In the West the war against the big cat has continued until only about eleven states have a cougar population of any size. Those states are Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, New Mexico, Texas, Utah, and Washington. Wyoming has a few, and occasionally the cats wander into other states.

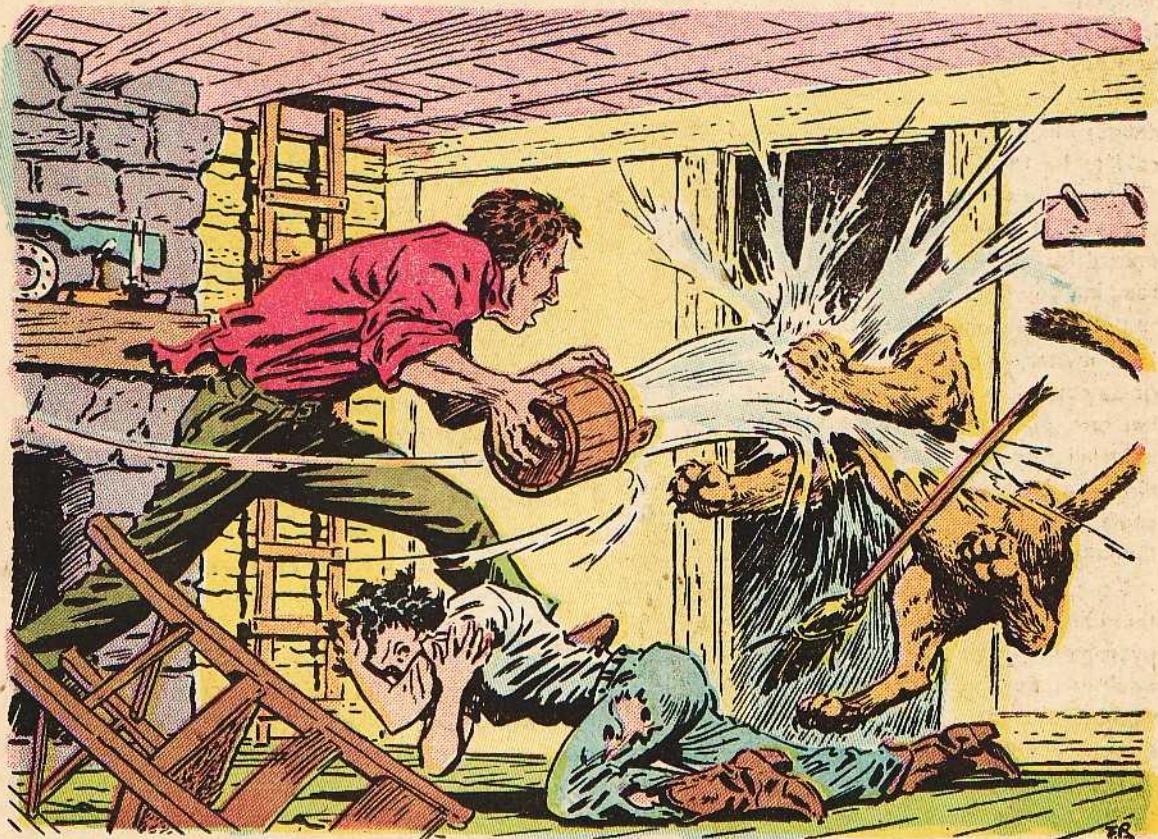
Always the mystery cat, the cougar is a phantom that haunts the high, rocky country, occasionally raiding sheep and cattle ranches in the lower country. A shy creature, like most members of the cat family, the cougar is seldom glimpsed by man unless dogs are used to chase it down.

There are cases on record in which the puma has attacked man. Near Silver City, New Mexico, a ranch wife was hanging up her washing near

from the kitchen table, attempting to stab the snarling cat as it clawed at the fallen, fighting woman. The lion cowered away, and prepared to leap at the man. The man, having no time to get his rifle hanging above the fireplace, grabbed a bucket of water from a near-by table and dashed it into the lion's face. Spitting, the confused cat whirled and ran into another room and under a bed. The rancher jerked his rifle from the wall, throwing a cartridge into the firing chamber as he ran into the room.

The lion, apparently as terrified now as the people, tried to get past the man through the door, but the rancher's bullet knocked it over, killing it instantly.

The ranch wife was scratched, but otherwise not seriously hurt. Upon examination, it was found

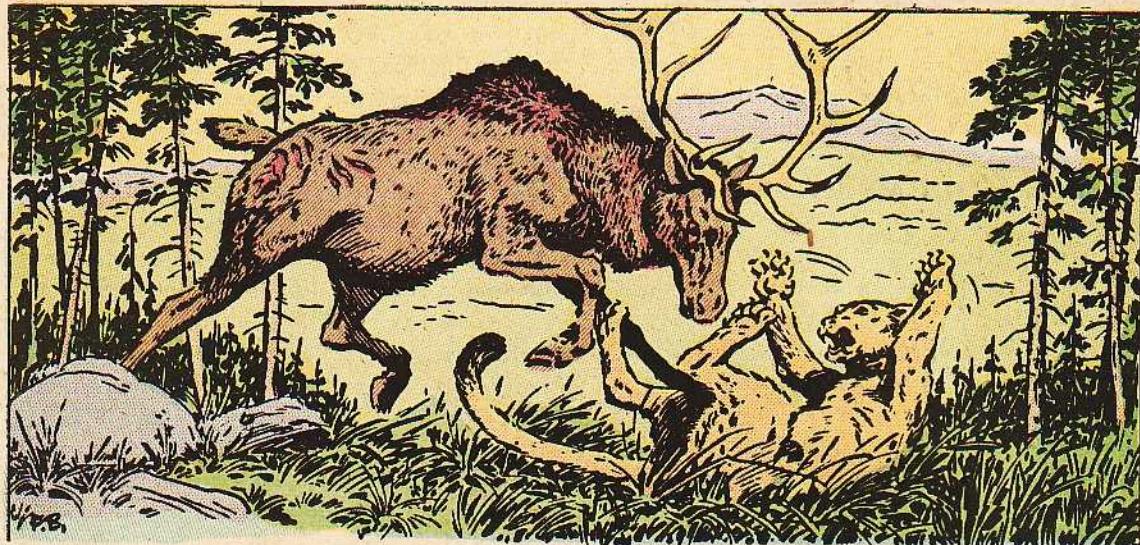


the house. Suddenly she heard a snarl and looked up to see a yellow body leaping toward her. Screaming at her husband who was near the corral, she fled to the open door of the cabin. She could not get the door closed quickly enough and the lion bounded in after her, striking her down.

The husband ran to the house, his wife's screams ringing in his ears. He grabbed a knife

that the cougar was an old one and that it was thin from starvation.

In almost all cases of lion attacks on people, it has been discovered that the animal was old, diseased, or starving. These rare cases of attack have not lessened man's fear of the big cats, however. Many hunters and outdoorsmen have related that they have been followed by cougars, which often came right into their camps. Natural-



ists say it is curiosity that makes the cats do this—and oddly, perhaps, a desire for company.

There have been amazing cases in which the cougar has made friends with people. One case, said to be true, concerns a young ranch girl in Oregon who not only made friends with an adult cougar, but also often met and romped with the animal in the woods. Another cougar was seen romping and playing with a coyote pup!

It is little wonder that the cougar is America's mystery animal! Still, in stock and in big-game country, it is considered public enemy number one. Sheepmen have reported that one lion may kill from fifty to a hundred sheep in one night. Early-day horse ranchers in out-of-the-way spots often lost entire bands to the big cats, for the cougar is very fond of horse meat.

Big game, especially deer, is the main diet of the lion, however. Biologists estimate that an average of two deer per week are killed by each adult lion. For this reason both state and federal wildlife agencies keep control of the cougar through hunting and trapping.

Even the huge elk is not safe from the cougar's attack. But sometimes such an attack proves fatal for the cougar, as one lion found out too late in the wild country of central Idaho.

It was late one afternoon, and the elk, his great antlers weighting down his head, browsed peacefully in a forest glade. Feeling the need to scratch, the big animal began to rub its shoulders against a giant yellow pine. Some noise in the low-lying branch above caused the bull elk to raise its head in alarm. Too late the elk saw the cougar crouched to spring. It whirled, and thus the cat's claws and

sharp teeth missed the vital spinal cord of the prey.

With the cougar clinging to its rump, the elk dashed through the underbrush, trying to loosen its unwelcome passenger. Terrified, desperate, the elk abruptly whirled into the huge trunk of a pine. The blow, coupled with the tremendous weight of the elk, dazed the cougar. Immediately the elk whirled about and began to paw the stunned lion with sharp hoofs. Even after there was no sign of life in the tawny body, the elk continued to hook and paw. Then, bleeding from its wounds, still crazed with fear, the elk ran along the trail that led to a near-by ranch.

Amazed ranch workers saw the exhausted, bleeding elk, and immediately guessed the cause. They back-trailed to the spot where the cougar's mutilated body lay. Another story had been added to the many about the ghost cats!

Almost all the western states mentioned earlier pay a bounty on cougar. In each state there are state hunters and trappers as well as private hunters who follow the trails in the high ledges, searching out the big cats with dogs and traps. Mountain-lion hunting has become a major sport in many areas because of its excitement. Yet, the lion is protected, as is all wildlife, in national parks. No real sportsman, naturalist, or conservation agency has a desire to kill all the cougars. They have their place in the wildlife scene. They are a part of the romance of the West. Phantom of the high ledges, killer, or playful cat, making men's spines tingle with his scream and by his curious stalking, the mystery cat will live on in the primitive country of the West.

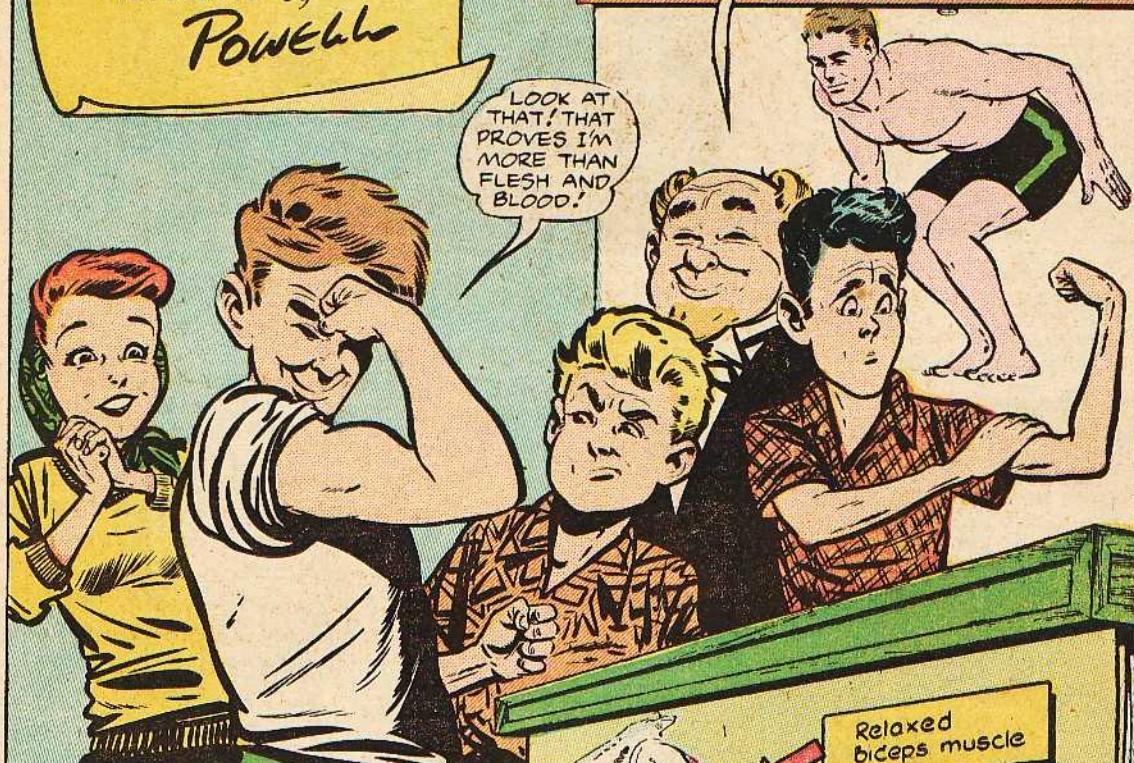
THE END

What A Work!

Illustrated by
Powell

THAT ONLY PROVES HOW WRONG YOU CAN BE WHEN YOU TALK WITHOUT THINKING. IT'S THE MUSCLE THAT PROVES YOU ARE FLESH AND BLOOD—FOR MUSCLE IS FLESH.

LOOK AT THAT! THAT PROVES I'M MORE THAN FLESH AND BLOOD!

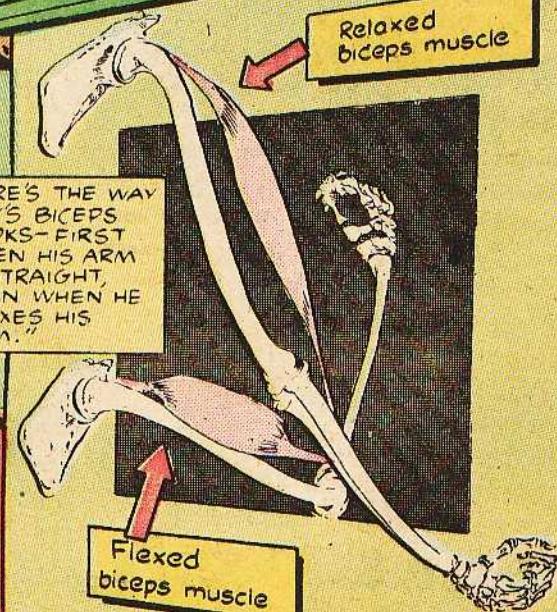


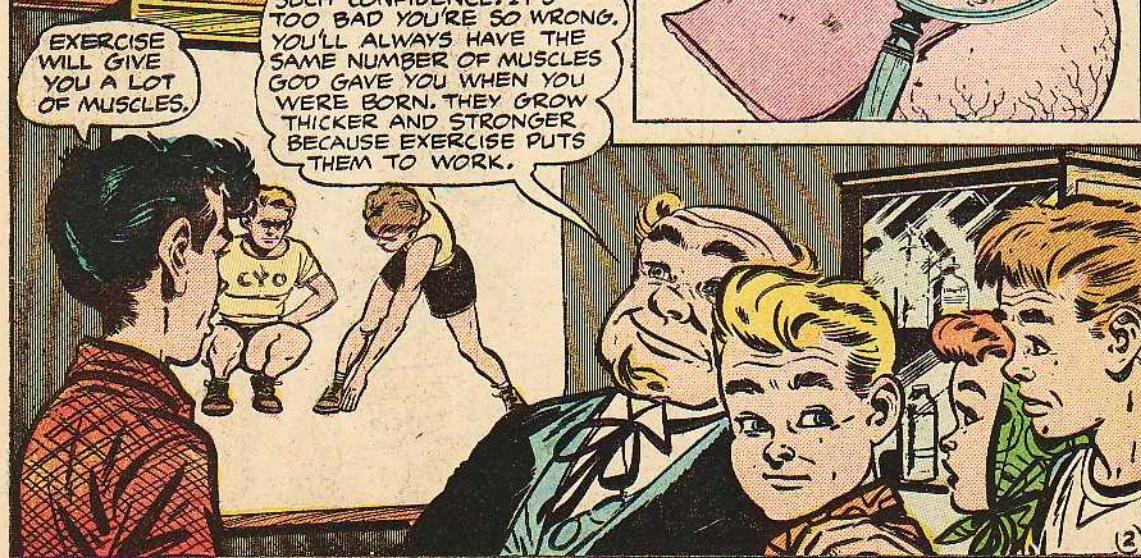
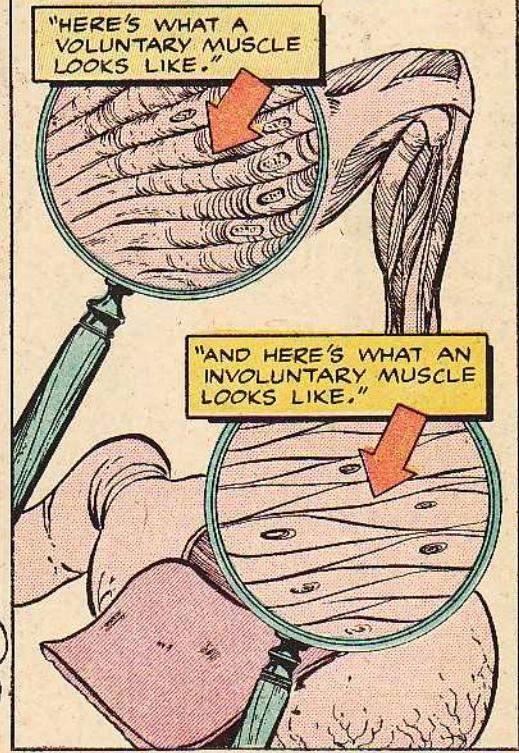
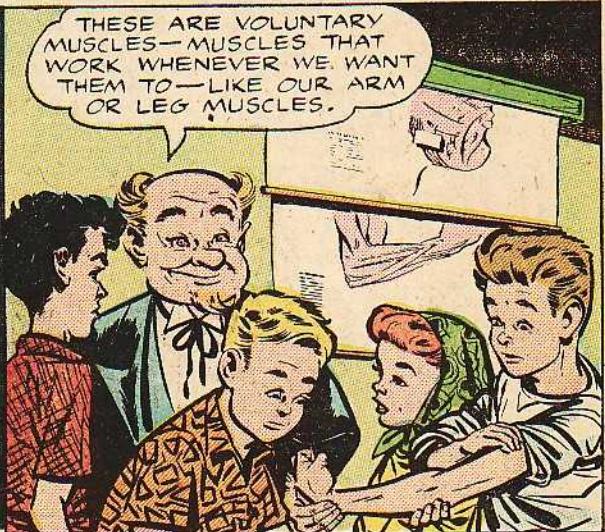
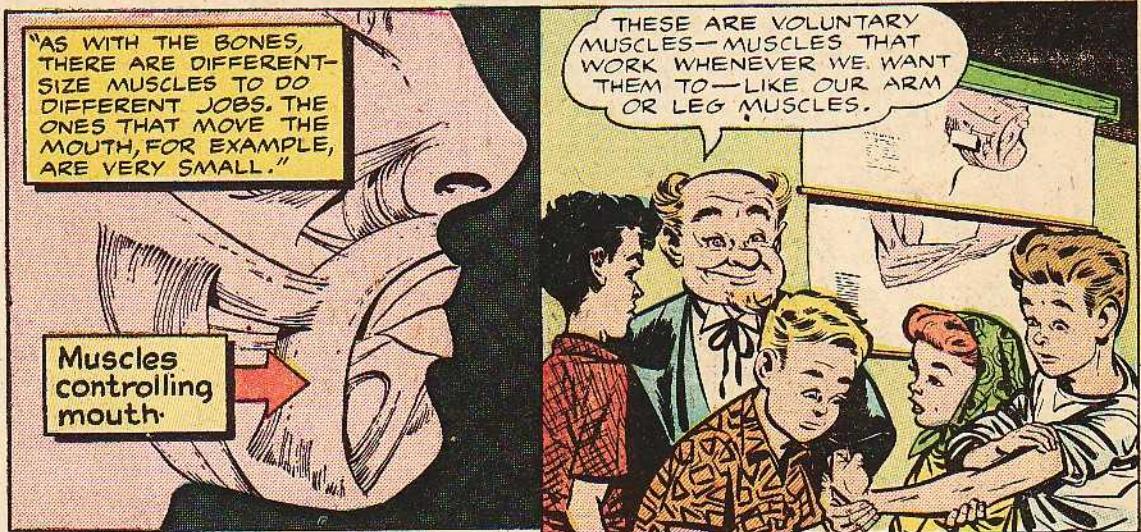
AND IT'S YOUR MUSCLES THAT MAKE YOU LOOK THE WAY YOU DO. IF YOU TAKE CARE OF THEM THEY'LL GIVE YOUR BODY THE SMOOTH AND GRACEFUL LINES THAT MAKE A WORK OF ART.

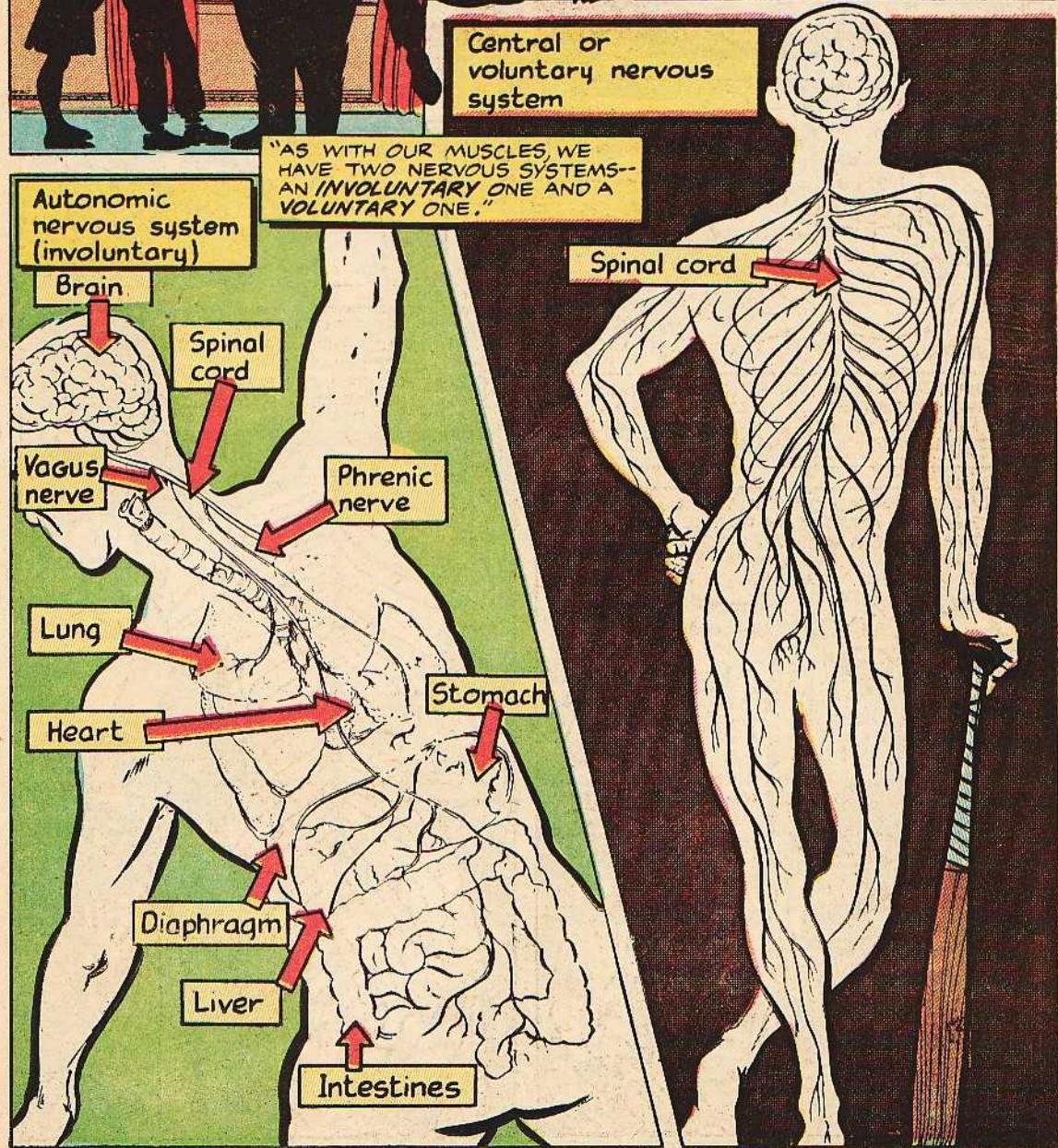
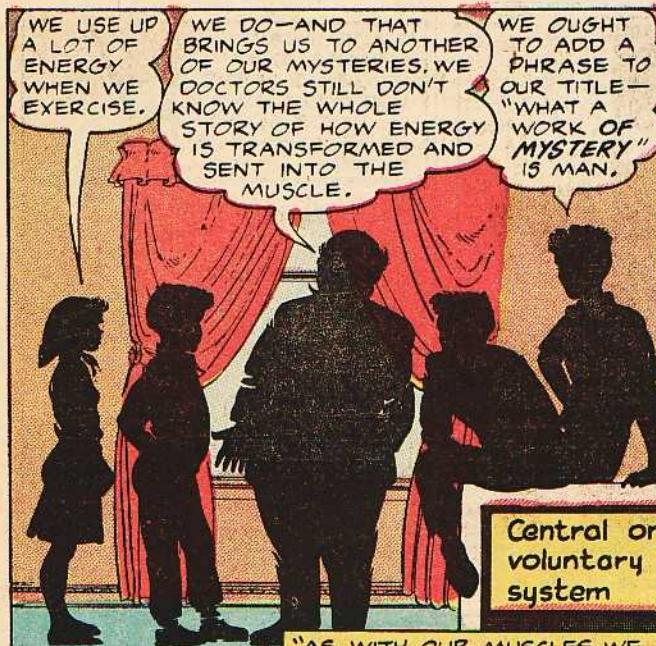
Relaxed biceps muscle

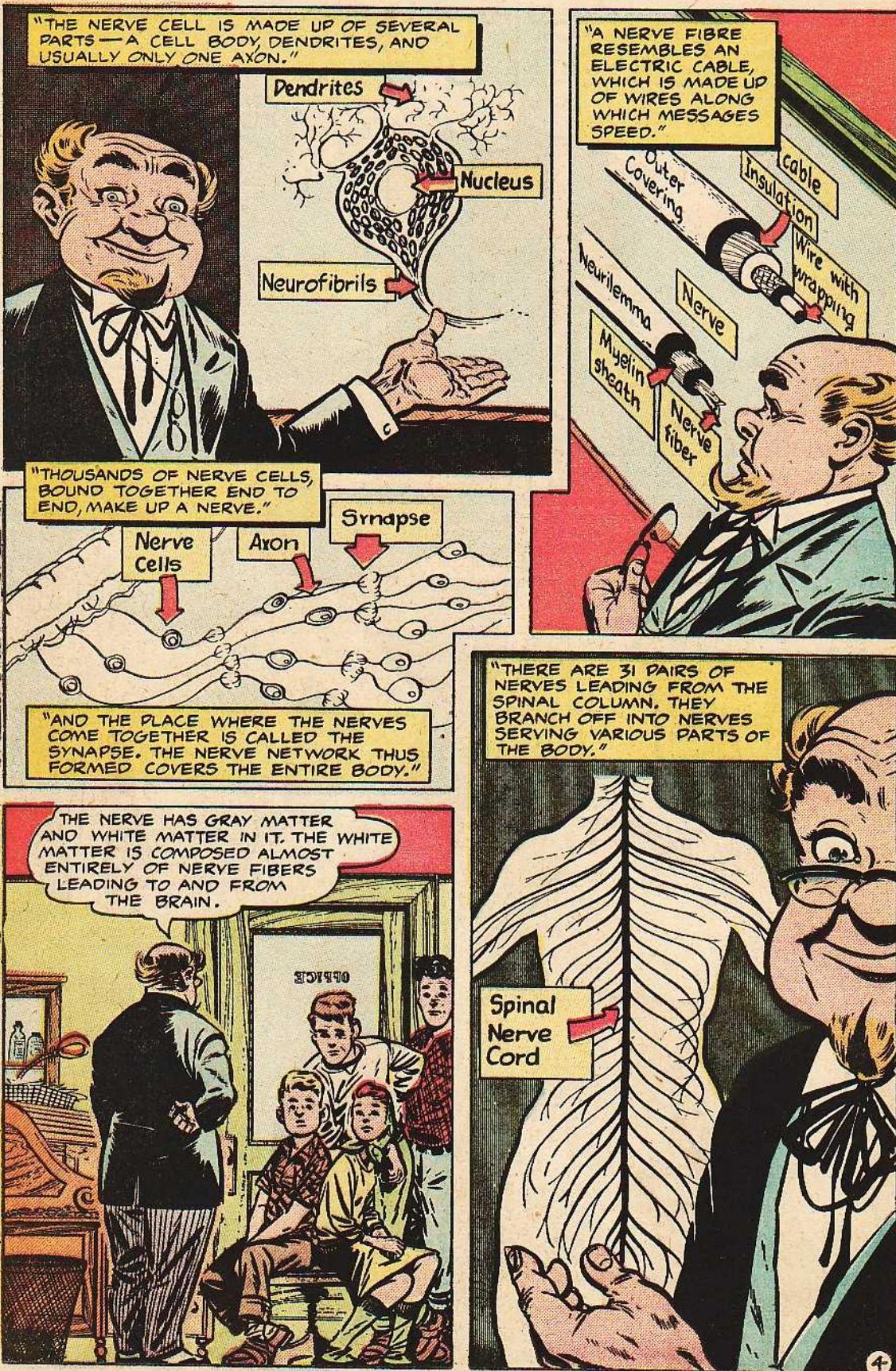
"HERE'S THE WAY ROY'S BICEPS LOOKS—FIRST WHEN HIS ARM IS STRAIGHT, THEN WHEN HE FLEXES HIS ARM."

Flexed biceps muscle







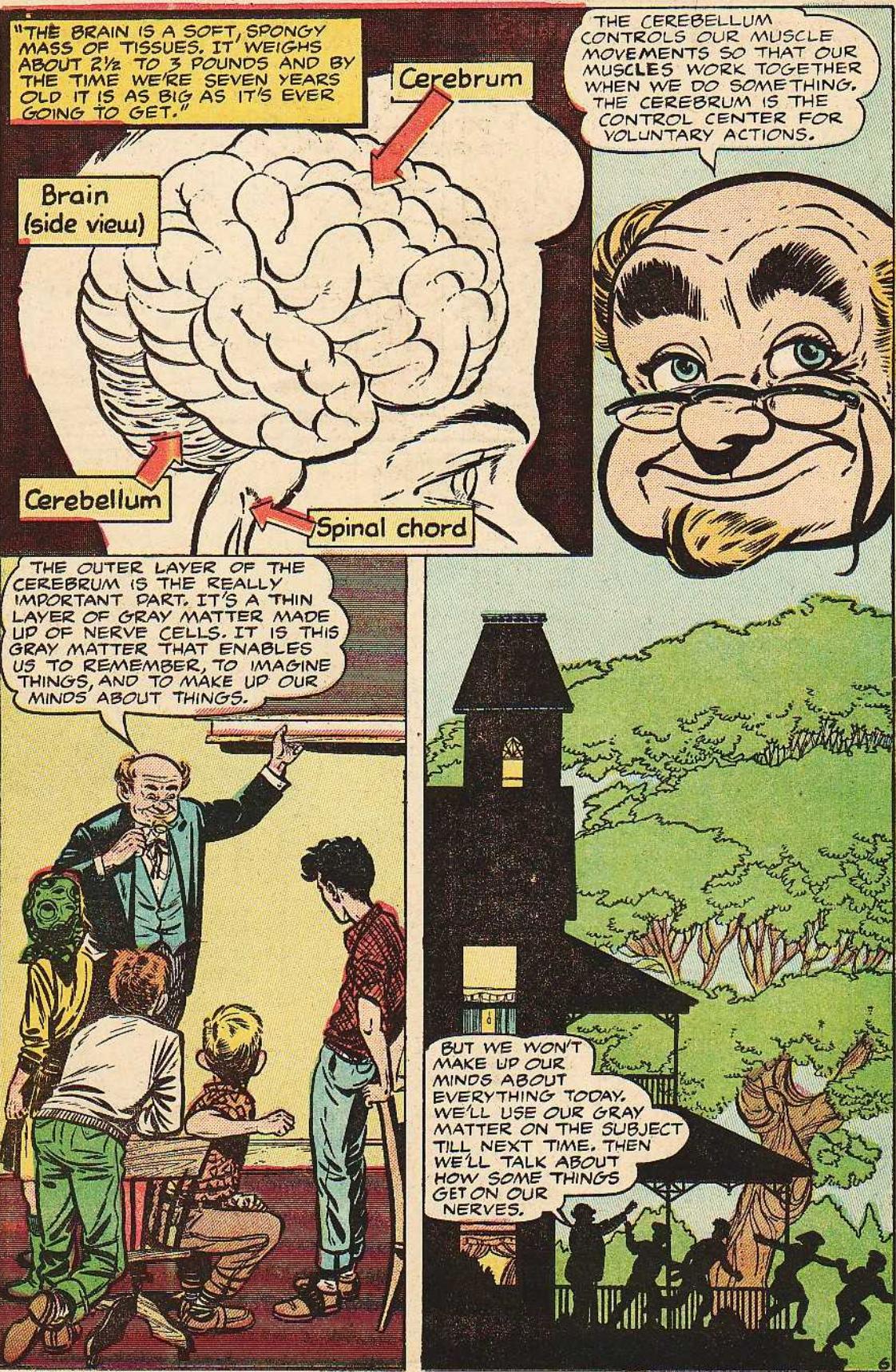




"WE CAN OF COURSE DEVELOP SOME ACTIONS, WHICH THE BRAIN CONTROLS WHEN WE FIRST DO THEM, INTO HABITS OR PATTERNS WHICH WE DO AUTOMATICALLY. IN ROLLER SKATING, FOR EXAMPLE, PRACTICE WILL MAKE PERFECT."

"THEN, THERE'S THE ONE THING THAT TAKES PLACE ENTIRELY IN THE BRAIN—THINKING."





THE PEARL DIVERS

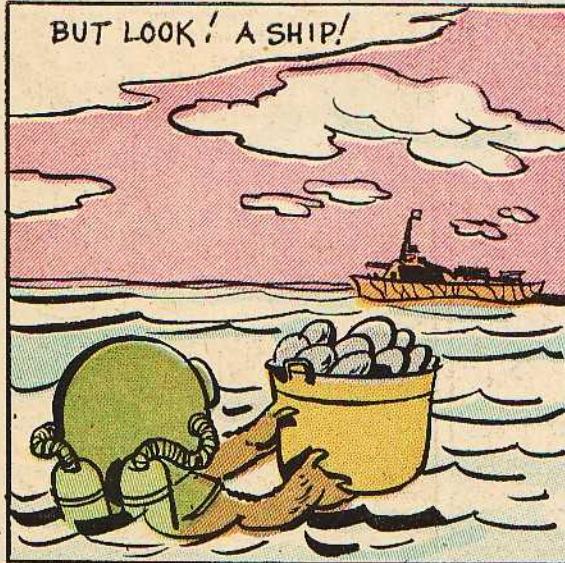
BY ERIC ST. CLAIR
ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL EISMAN

BASELY DESERTED BY WALLABY WILLIE, THE BEAR FLOATS ON THE SEA. HE CANNOT REMOVE HIS DIVING HELMET, SO HE FLOATS--- WAITING FOR THE OXYGEN TO GIVE OUT... FLOATING... WAITING...

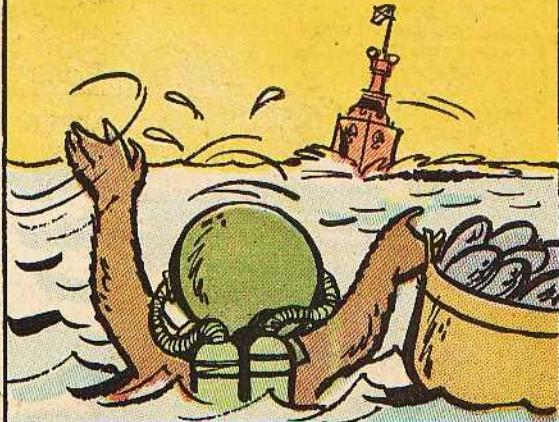
O ME!
O ME!



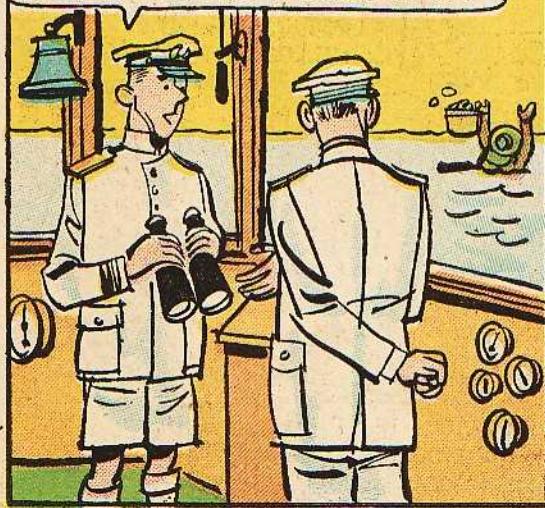
BUT LOOK! A SHIP!



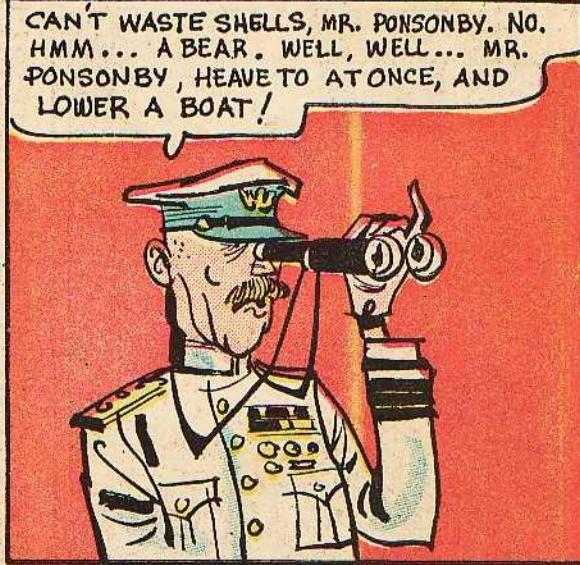
"SAVE ME, OH, SAVE ME!"



UNIDENTIFIED OBJECT DEAD AHEAD,
SIR. SHALL I DROP A SHELL ON IT?

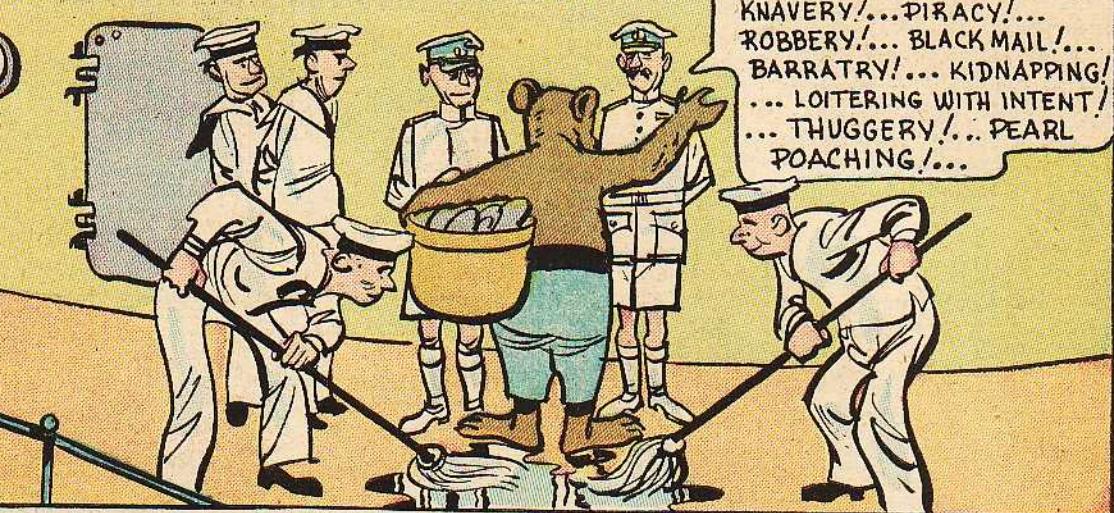


CAN'T WASTE SHELLS, MR. PONSONBY. NO.
HMM... A BEAR. WELL, WELL... MR.
PONSONBY, HEAVE TO AT ONCE, AND
LOWER A BOAT!

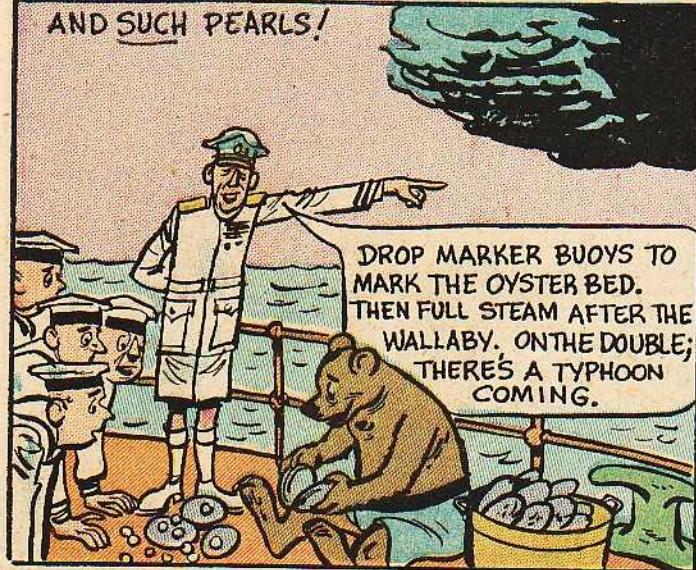


RESCUED, THE BEAR TELLS HIS STORY...

WICKED WALLABY WILLIE!...
KNAVERY!... PIRACY!...
ROBBERY!... BLACK MAIL!...
BARRATRY!... KIDNAPPING!
... LOITERING WITH INTENT!
... THUGGERY!... PEARL
POACHING!...



AND SUCH PEARLS!



DROP MARKER BUOYS TO
MARK THE OYSTER BED.
THEN FULL STEAM AFTER THE
WALLABY. ON THE DOUBLE;
THERE'S A TYPHOON
COMING.

FULL STEAM AHEAD!

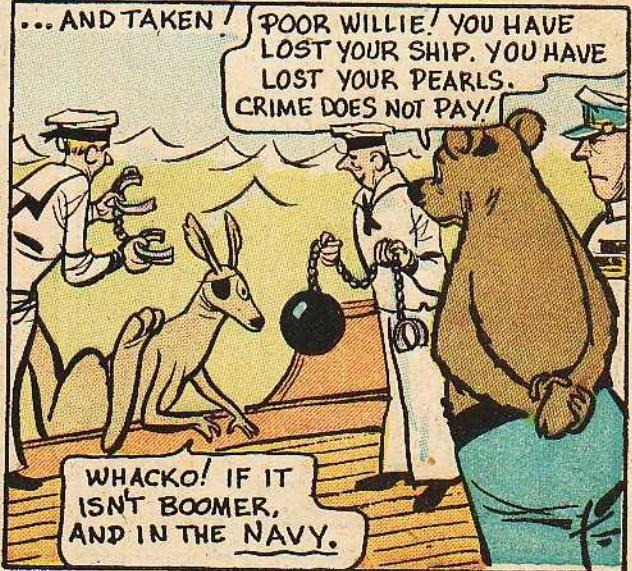


THE QUARRY IS SIGHTED...

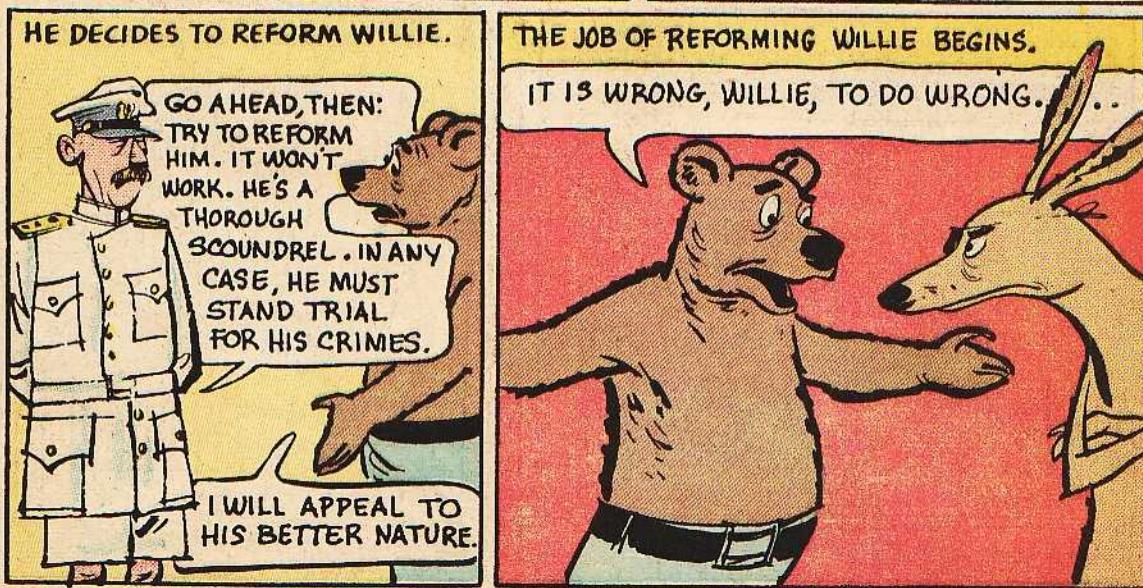
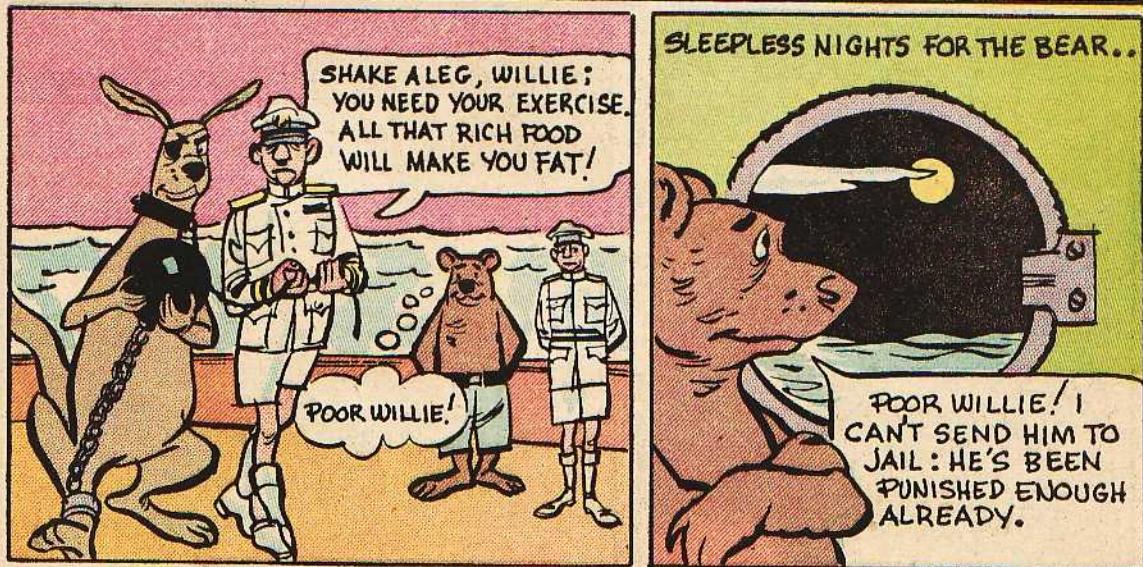


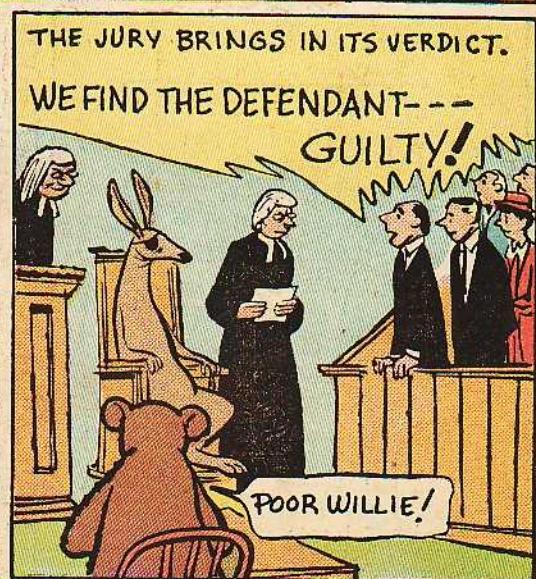
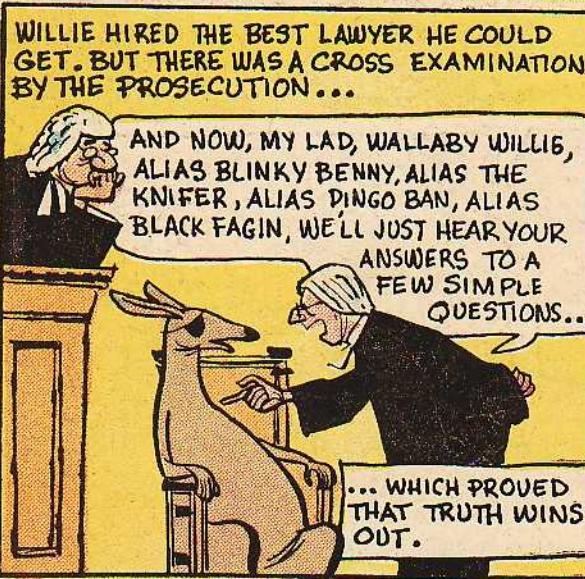
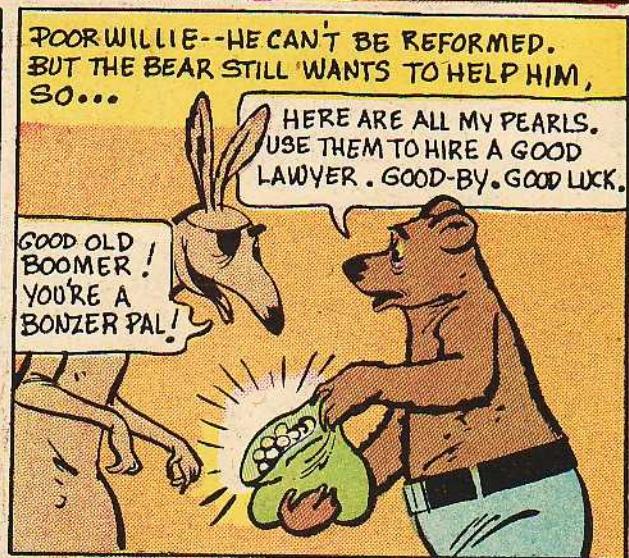
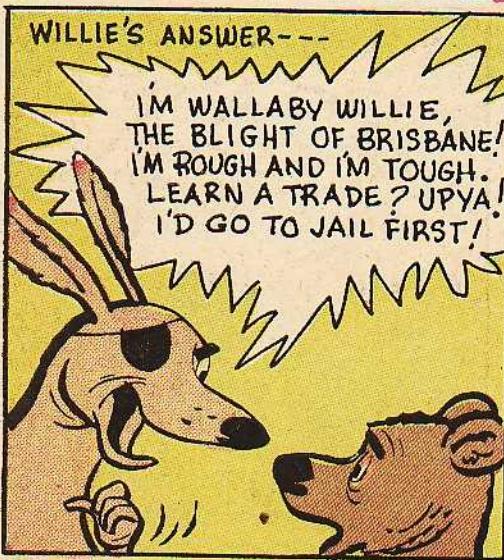
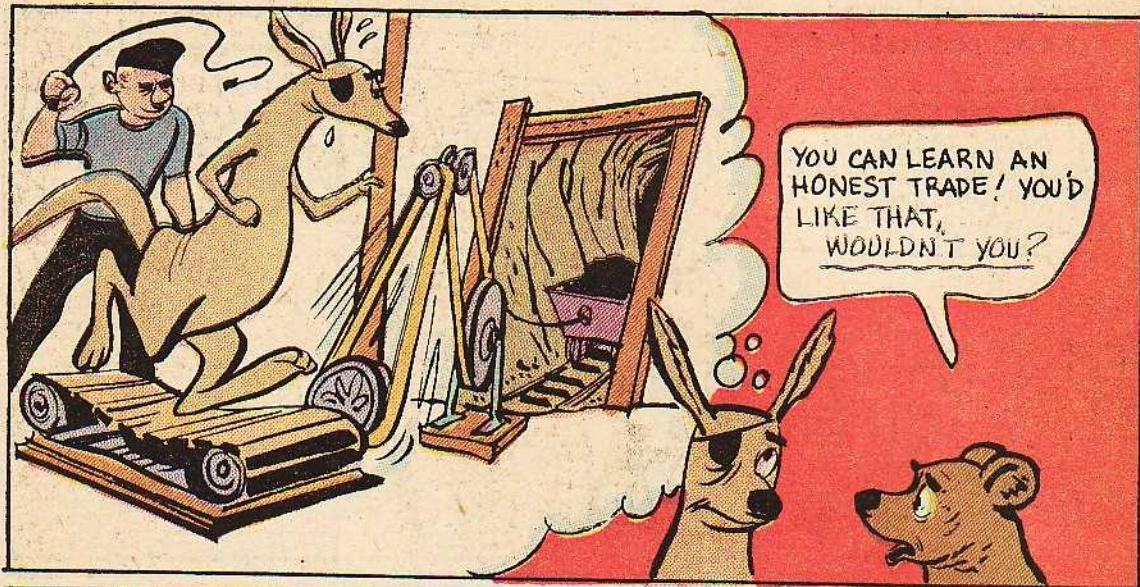
...AND TAKEN!

Poor Willie! You have
lost your ship. You have
lost your pearls.
CRIME DOES NOT PAY!



WHACKO! IF IT
ISN'T BOOMER,
AND IN THE NAVY.





A FEW WEEKS LATER, NO PEARLS, NO JOB:
AND A FELLOW HAS TO EAT...

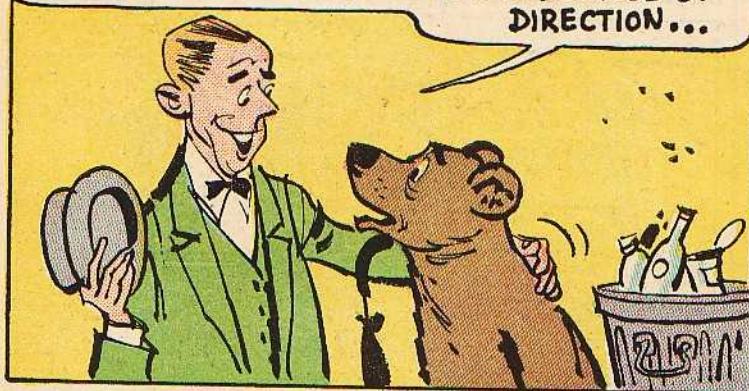


THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

AH, THERE YOU ARE! I'VE HAD A MOST
DIFFICULT TIME FINDING YOU...



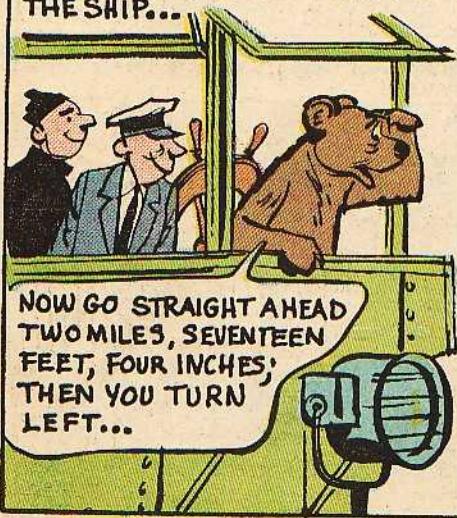
SIR, I REPRESENT A FIRM OF PEARL FISHERS.
WOULD YOU GUIDE US TO YOUR PEARL BEDS?
THE MARKER BUOYS THE GUNBOAT LEFT WERE
ALL WASHED AWAY BY THE TYPHOON. I UNDER-
STAND THAT YOU HAVE A PERFECT SENSE OF
DIRECTION...



INDEED I HAVE! I AM
FAMOUS FOR IT. I WILL
FIND THOSE OYSTER
BEDS AGAIN.

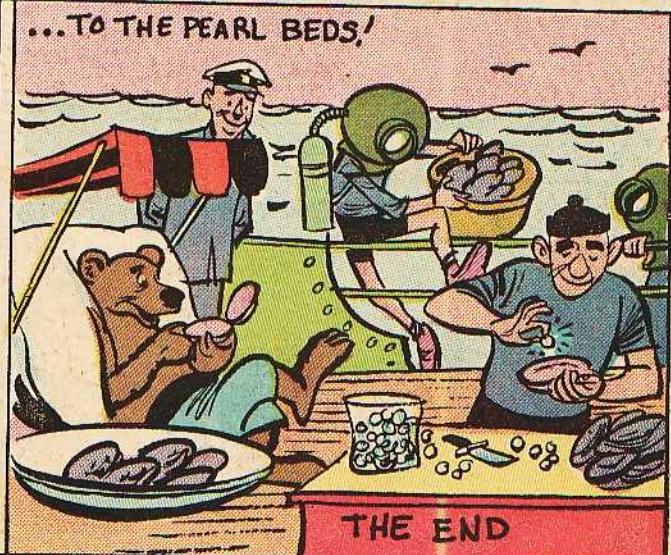


UNERRINGLY, THE BEAR GUIDES
THE SHIP...



NOW GO STRAIGHT AHEAD
TWO MILES, SEVENTEEN
FEET, FOUR INCHES;
THEN YOU TURN
LEFT...

...TO THE PEARL BEDS!



THE END

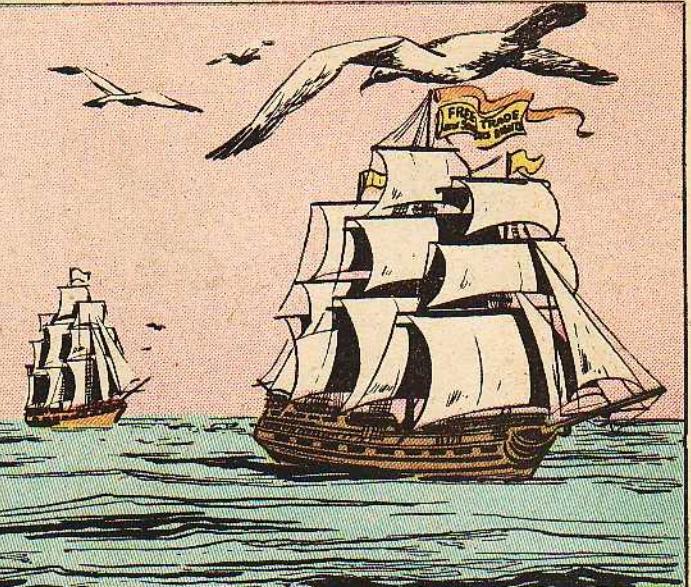
WORDS THAT LIVE

Captain James Lawrence

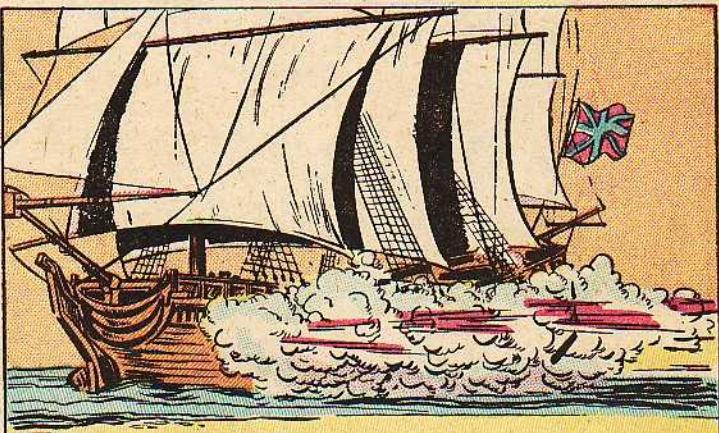
by F.E. Crandall

Illustrated by
Paul Zender

THE "CHESAPEAKE" IS COMMANDED BY YOUNG CAPTAIN LAWRENCE, WHO HAS ALREADY EARNED A REPUTATION FOR BRAVERY IN PREVIOUS NAVAL BATTLES...



ON JUNE 18, 1812, THE U.S. WENT TO WAR WITH ENGLAND FOR THE SECOND TIME, TO KEEP BRITISH SHIPS FROM PRESSING AMERICAN SAILORS INTO THEIR SERVICE. ALMOST ONE YEAR LATER, THE AMERICAN SHIP "CHESAPEAKE" CHALLENGES THE BRITISH "SHANNON" . . .

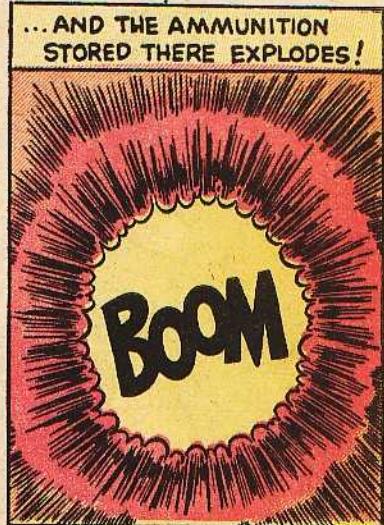
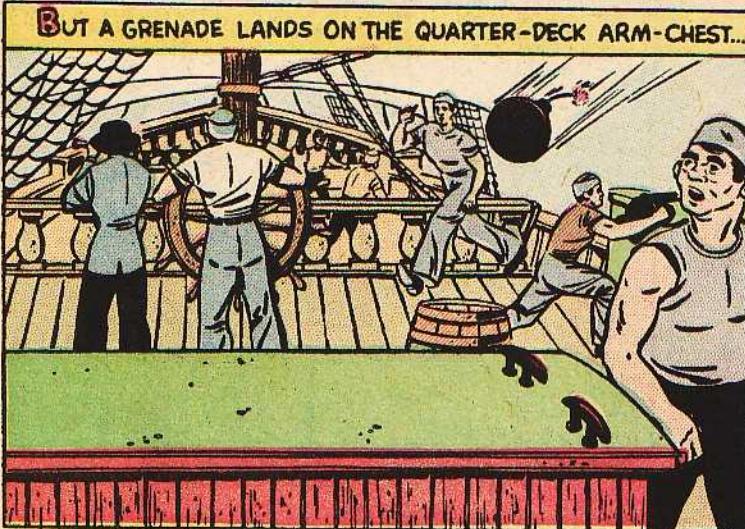


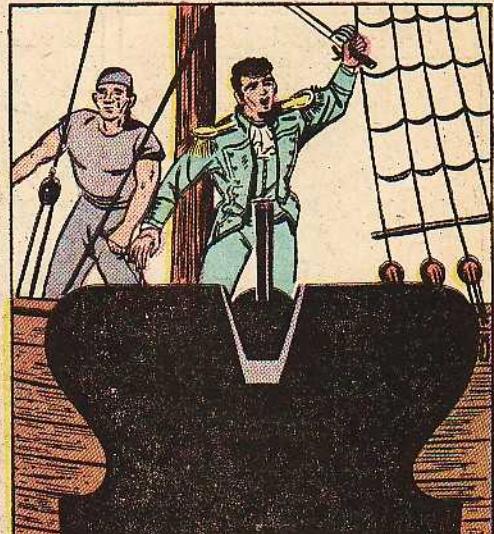
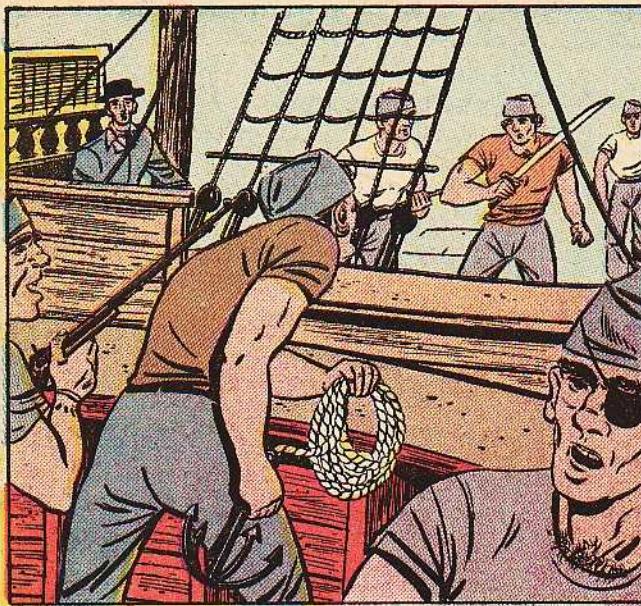
THE BRITISH SHIP FIRES THE FIRST SHOT...THE BATTLE BEGINS!



THREE QUARTERMASTERS ARE SHOT FROM THE WHEEL OF THE "CHESAPEAKE" . . . LAWRENCE IS EVERYWHERE . . .



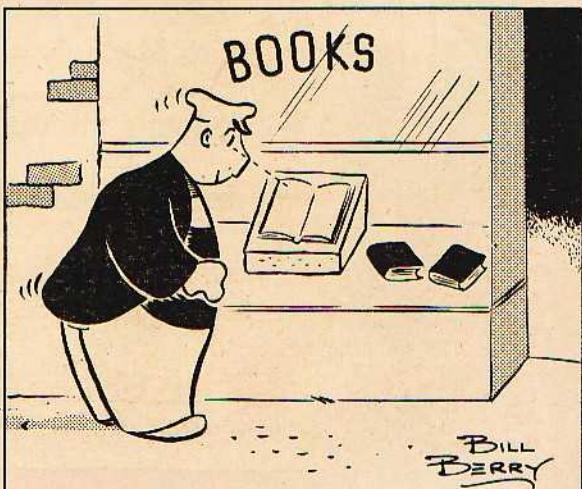
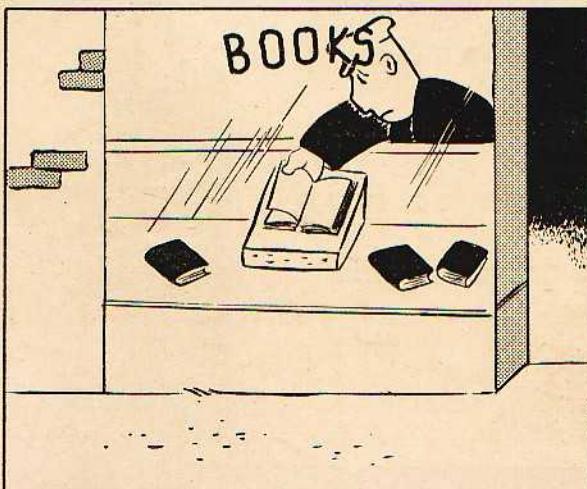
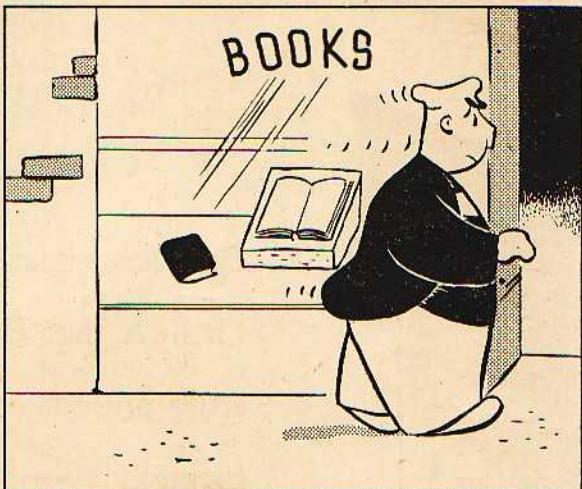
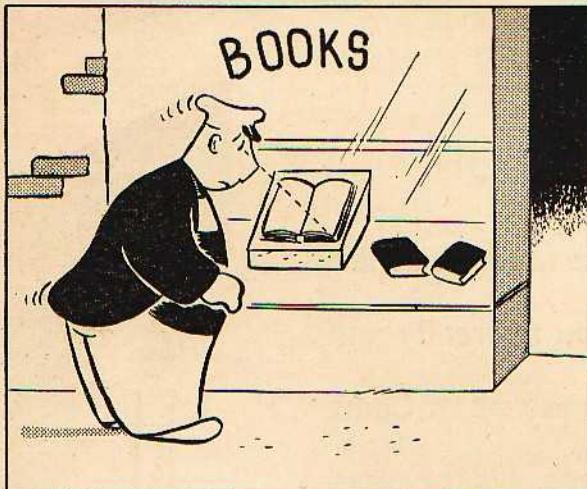
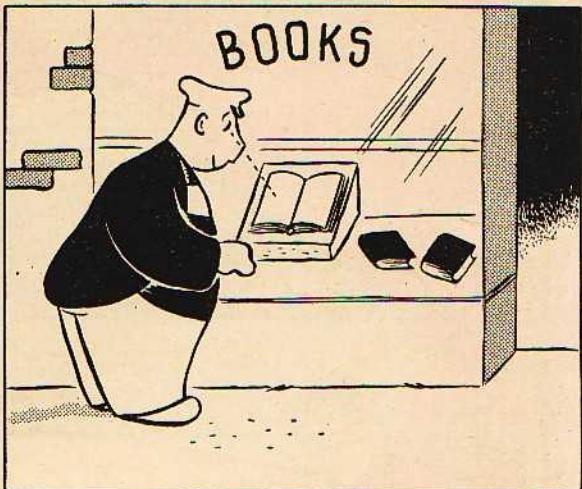
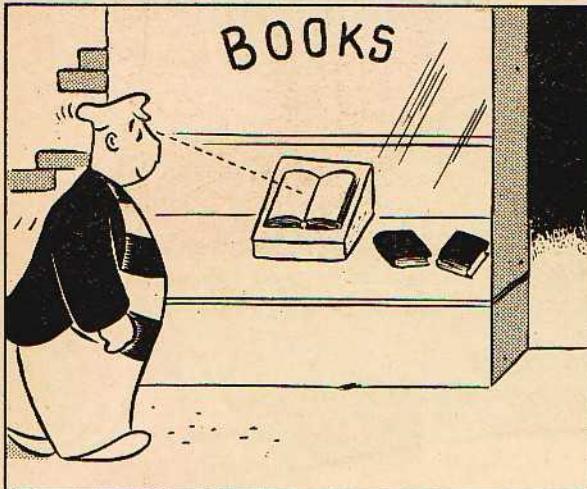




AN ENGLISH OFFICER RECOGNIZES LAWRENCE,
AND TAKES DELIBERATE AIM...



OTTO





PRAYER BEFORE COMMUNION

Dear Jesus I desire to receive Thee.
I believe that Thou art really and
truly present on the altar. Come
to me, I pray Thee. Fill my soul
with Thy holy grace. Give me light
to know my duty and strength to
do it. Enable me to love Thee and
serve Thee all the days of my life.

Amen.





Treasure Chest #v10_15 (1955)

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